MEMORIALS

OF

JAMES PATERSON.

Printed for the Use of Friends.

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PREFACE.

A FEW sentences will suffice to explain the object and intention of this volume. As the title page intimates, it is designed to present some memorials of James Paterson. When those most nearly and most deeply affected by his death had recovered somewhat from the first pressure of grief that weighed upon them, their attention was naturally turned to the manuscripts and letters he had left behind him. Here they found a large amount of literary material, which, in their own judgment, as well as in that of personal friends, qualified to form an opinion, possesses such a degree of merit, and is pervaded by such a healthful and fine spirit, as to warrant, if not call for, preservation. This conviction, along with the fact that he was greatly beloved by a large circle of friends, awakened the desire, which ripened into a purpose, that a selection should be made

from these papers, and, by means of the press, put into a permanent form, and preserved for the family; and that a brief memoir should be prefixed.

This accomplished, it was thought that the following desirable objects might be gained:—1*st*, There would be a fuller and more fitting tribute to the memory of the dear departed than would otherwise be obtained. 2*nd*, The memorials presented in this form could not fail to be useful, and, in the best sense, educational, to the surviving and junior members of the family. And 3*rd*, While younger relatives and friends derived benefit from them, they would prove a source of relief and soothing gratification to the afflicted parental heart.

It is believed that some of the papers inserted, apart from their relative value, would stand a favourable comparison with much of the current literature of the times. Nevertheless, it has not, by those immediately interested, been thought fit to deviate from the course indicated, viz., to limit the circulation to relatives and personal friends.

May, 1858.

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MEMOIR.

MEMOIR.

JAMES PATERSON, son of George Paterson and Mary Stark, was born at Hall, Bonny Bridge, Parish of Falkirk, on the 27th April, 1834. In 1837 the family removed to Glasgow, where James, at the age of five years, was sent to a private school, in which he received the rudiments of his English education. His teacher, we remember, spoke very favourably of his mental aptitudes, and still more emphatically of his fine moral qualities. In the year 1843, when he was nine years of age, he joined the High School, and was placed under Mr. D'Orsay and Dr. Low, the former the English and the latter the classical teacher. Under these approved teachers he became a good English scholar, and acquired such an acquaintance with the ancient classics as fitted him for college. At the age of fourteen he entered the Glasgow University, and joined the junior Humanity and Greek classes, taught by Professors Ramsay and Lushington. Under these

distinguished men he passed through his classical course with approved diligence. and with credit to himself; but, notwithstanding his fine powers, the tendencies and tastes of his mind were not such as to secure for him any marked pre-eminence in classical literature. At this period, too, as we shall subsequently see, other and higher themes began to occupy his mind.

In November, 1851, he joined the Logic class, taught by Professor Buchanan. Those most interested in his mental progress were especially desirous that he should have the benefit of this class, whatever might be his subsequent course. Not only the nature of the study, but the efficient and admirable manner in which it is taught by Professor Buchanan tend unmistakeably to draw out and test the industry and mental stamina of the student. Having been previously connected with some juvenile societies, and having been accustomed to letter-writing, he was not unpractised in composition; and it was expected, if he gave his mind to the business of the class, that he would make a creditable appearance. But no one was quite prepared for the admirable logical aptitudes he speedily evinced, the high place he took in the class, and the success that crowned his industry and talents at the close of the session. His letters written at this time are replete with testimonies of the great interest he took in the study. To an intimate friend we find him writing

thus:—"I still continue my favour for the logic. It is indeed the most interesting class I have been in; and though I have considerable quaking in looking forward, especially to what is to come in the present month, yet I hope by a little diligence to wend my way comfortably through the syllogistic mazes." Again:—"I feel the effects of competition perhaps too much in the logic. Whenever there's a good question given, and I think I can answer it, I have an irresistible desire to do so. Perhaps this is carrying the thing to excess; but I do think that a little innocent striving may not be injurious, but otherwise, tending, as it does, to give confidence to the wavering, and to stimulate the lagging."

The competition in his division of the class was keen and close. One of his principal rivals was a son of the late Sir William Hamilton, Professor of Logic in the University of Edinburgh, a student of great promise, taking high honours in all his classes. But even in this competition he took the highest place, and at the end of the session, by the suffrages of his fellow-students, received the first prize. The product of the session—a large amount of manuscript which he has left behind him—evinces how fully he mastered the business of the class, and bears testimony alike to his diligence, and to the high qualities of his intellectual powers. Not a few of the essays might have been given in proof, and have only been kept back to make

way for others having a wider range of interest. The closing exercise of the session is the oration, which must not exceed eight minutes in the reading. As the subject of it is modern, the ideal question interesting, and the manner of treatment skilful, it has been added to the collection of essays given.

The period had now arrived when it seemed proper for him to come to some decision respecting his future calling. He was in peculiar circumstances. He was the eldest in the family. His father in his large business much required that kind of assistance which in some respects he only could render. He gave clear indications of possessing business powers of the highest order; nor, with his fine nature, could his devoted affection for his father fail greatly to influence him in his decision. With likings and leanings towards a higher calling, it is not surprising, while all felt the responsibility of definitely advising him, that he should have had difficulty in coming to a final decision.

The state of his mind regarding this important matter may be seen from a letter written by him to the friend already referred to, about three months after the close of the logic session. He says, "with regard to my prospects and intentions, I think I may hope, in the course of a week or two, to get away to the north. I have a strong desire to get a month or six weeks in Aberdeen, with my uncle John, where I should find both leisure and advantages for systematic and deter-

mined study. Reverend Mr. ——— goes to Orkney next week, and expects me with him, as that was the arrangement when my uncle (Dr. P.) was south.

"I have not, I think, let you precisely understand what are my resolutions regarding my future course. I have long, you know, felt myself in a strait betwixt two—Whether should I choose the ministry or resolve to follow out my father's business? After, I trust, due consideration of the bent of my mind, my abilities, likings, prospects, position, influence, &c., I feel as if the latter were the course to which I am directed. As it is a solemn and responsible thing to come to a decision, which ought to be final, I have felt unwilling to close a book which, when closed, I trust I shall never have occasion to re-open. I have a wish, you know, whatever I afterwards do, to attend the moral philosophy. In these circumstances I made a proposal to my father, to which he willingly acceded, viz., to allow me to finish my college course, after which, *if nothing special occur to direct my thoughts otherwise*, it is my resolve to lend my energies to business. Do not think me egotistic when I say that I might have felt this an easier matter to decide before attending the logic. Last Sabbath was our communion. My sister and I for the first time took our seats at the table—a most solemn duty and privilege! May I be kept from evil, and be enabled to live a life becoming the gospel."

He spent part of the summer of 1852, as he thought

he would, in Orkney and Aberdeen, dividing his time between recreation and ethical studies, as a preparation for next session of college. In November he joined the Moral Philosophy class, under Professor Fleming, being then in his eighteenth year. With what interest he entered on the study, and with what success he prosecuted it, we have the evidence before us, in a pile of well-arranged and carefully prepared manuscripts. As the middle and junior divisions of the logic class were here thrown into one, the competition was widened, and rendered in some respects more testing. Yet, by the suffrages of his fellow-students, at the end of the session he was again declared entitled to the first place, and received the first prize accordingly—the senior students from twenty years and upwards being properly ranked in a division by themselves.

Thus successfully did the subject of these notices terminate his academical and more formal educational career; and thus did he reach the more immediate summit of his literary aspirations. Meanwhile he retained connection with juvenile societies for mutual improvement in speaking and essay writing. In these societies he took a warm interest and a leading place. His acknowledged talents—his turn for practical management—his unselfish dispositions—his fine sympathies—his mild manners—and his gentlemanly spirit and bearing, all conspired to secure for him a high place

in the esteem and affection of all his associates. Few young men have had a larger circle of friends, or derived a greater amount of pleasure from youthful fellowships. Nor must we omit to notice his talents for public speaking. These were confessedly of a very high order. Endowed naturally with a clear, musical voice, he had given attention to its cultivation, and had the full command of it. This, with a natural, sprightly, and graceful manner, and with an admirably ready and sure memory, gave high promise of his capabilities for public oral address. This aptitude showed itself very early in his powers of imitation, in which his joyous nature allowed itself sometimes to indulge.

Having decided to follow a mercantile profession, he now set himself to acquire the necessary knowledge and experience. Towards the end of summer, his health not proving very robust, it was thought expedient that he should rusticate for a few months, and that he should go to the country in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, where he might at once get a little practical insight into a branch of his father's business, and have his constitution invigorated. His sojourn in this locality he enjoyed much, and spoke frequently of the kindness of those within whose sphere he had been brought; nor did he fail to leave behind him a most favourable and a cherished sense of his estimable qualities.

From this scene of rural activity he returned apparently in good health. During the winter, in addition to his duties in his father's office, he attended a class for chemistry, and employed other means of improvement. But the period of his life had now arrived when it was thought necessary for him to give his time and energies to business somewhat decisively; and he did so accordingly. Nor was it long till it became manifest that his business powers were of a high order. His ready apprehension of principles—his power to acquire a knowledge of details—his accurate memory—his excellent judgment—his undeviating integrity—and his winning manners, were felt and owned by all with whom he came into close contact.

Having reached this point in the history of his outer life, let us go back and look, by some of the openings afforded, at his inner man. While the essential and vital principles of religion are ever the same, the forms and degree of their development are modified by circumstances. Constitutional temperament, mental culture, moral and religious training, domestic influences, youthful fellowships, early restraining mercy, and still more, infant regeneration, each and all of them affect to some extent spiritual experiences, and to a large extent the forms and appearances of spiritual development. From the notices given, it will be seen that in the case of James Paterson the combination of circumstances naturally had been re-

markably favourable. Apart from any positive religious development, everything about him, mentally and morally, was so attractive and so lovely, and to human eye so faultless, as to render it certain that by the God of all providence he had been peculiarly favoured, and as to awaken the sweet hope that even from infancy gracious influences had not been withheld, and that these had to do in forming his fine nature, and making him what he was. And now as to the manifestation of those right and holy principles which are the perfection of worth and beauty in man, we shall do little more than select some of his own utterances, and give extracts from his own letters.

Loving and loved, he had many attached friends, and among these was Mr. James ———, with whom for several years he maintained a regular and close correspondence, and with whom, on sacred subjects, he appears to have communicated more freely than with anyone else. With little disparity of age, and with much in common in the elements of their nature, their friendship was intimate and endearing, and their intercourse unreserved accordingly. Their correspondence commenced early, and, as it now appears, turned much on the subject of vital religion. His friend having taken his degree, and received a government appointment, went out on the medical staff to the Crimea; and it was after his return home that the family were favoured with the letters from which the

extracts are taken, and of the contents of which they had previously no knowledge. They have a value and an interest now which they could not otherwise have had.

The following are from letters written by him when he had passed his sixteenth year but only by a few months, and are therefore to be regarded as the thoughts of a youth of that age. In a letter dated 29th October, 1850, we find him writing:—

"My Dear James,

"The reason you assigned in your last why many refuse to enter on a religious life is one of very great force. Not only are very many prevented from taking the way of life because they are walking in the midst of heathen darkness; and not only has man a great enemy in his own breast, and all the more dangerous, that it is 'an enemy within the citadel;' but Satan is everywhere 'going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.' It is not, however, always as the avowed foe and fierce assailant that he comes. He is also the cunning snake, which, with all the persuasive earnestness of the most ardent friendship, presses the acceptance of the forbidden fruit, and it is *thus* that he becomes our most dangerous foe. The next reason I would assign for the indisposition of man to follow after holiness is, the hold which the world has on his affections, especially in reference to the young, who know the world only by the picturings of fancy. Its enticements are alluring and dangerous. Many a young man has plunged headlong into its pleasures, thinking thereby to obtain happiness, and

not till these pleasures have produced satiety and loathing does he see this. Alas! how often is it then too late! His habits and tastes are confirmed, and he finds now, when he fain would do so, that he is unable to return to the paths of rectitude. But these feelings are only the fruit of experience; and many who know what must be the inevitable result, yet, finding the world's pleasures 'sweet to the taste,' heed not the warning, that they will prove 'bitter in the belly.'"

The next letter from which we shall make an extract is dated 12th November, 1850:—

"My Dear James,

"I sit down, after a hard night's study, to answer your last letter. . . . But to recur to our topic. We have seen that many, wanting the knowledge of the way of life, live in darkness—that the heart of man being by nature 'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' very many pursue the downward course, regardless of every inducement to check them—that Satan goes about, not only showing himself to be the 'roaring lion,' but also under the mask of favour and friendship; and, lastly, we have thought of the world as a mighty obstacle to the coming of Christ's kingdom. A consideration of these things is surely sufficient to point out the need of watchfulness. Our greatest enemies are those which least appear to be so. How alluringly dangerous are the gilded temptations of the world! How insidiously must the evil one ply us in our hours of self-security! and, above all, how much to be guarded against are the promptings of our wicked hearts! Taking home the question with which we set out, it is of the most

momentous importance to you and to me to fix our own state. We must all (it is an awful thought) appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and receive one of two sentences. Oh! may we meet on His right hand."

The next letter bears date November 26, 1850 :—

"My Dear James,

"I am not sure that you should have left it with me to choose a subject; but since you have, I will make a remark or two on Prayer. In the Scriptures Christians are often addressed on this subject. 'Pray without ceasing' is one of the injunctions of the Apostle Paul. By this it is impossible that we are required to be ever at the throne of grace uttering the language of supplication; but there is such a thing as a praying spirit, or, as I understand it, a feeling of humility, trust, constant dependence, and gratitude toward God for all we are and have. It is impossible to be a subject of the Great King without cherishing such a spirit, and without often prostrating ourselves at the throne, making our requests known unto God, and supplicating forgiveness for our many sins. 'Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,' and, just as the body is sustained by the natural air, so the spiritual life must be preserved by the life-giving and sustaining influence of communion with the Most High."

As we advance in the perusal of these letters we find that they gradually assume a more interesting and methodical form on the chosen subject of prayer, and afterwards on that of the atonement. Instead,

therefore, of proceeding with extracts as we have been doing, we shall give the remaining letters entire at the close, so that they may be perused either now or afterwards, it being kept in mind that they properly belong to this part of his early history. These letters give us to see the impressions made on his mind on the highest of all subjects, even at this early period of his life. No change is made anywhere either in the thought or expression—natural and acquired accuracy rendering this unnecessary. Before, however, leaving this part bearing on religious character, we cannot refrain from giving a few extracts of a more practical and personal kind that are found here and there blended with comments of a more general nature:—

"Every action of our life is no doubt seen by His omniscient eye, and every word we utter heard by Him; but in prayer we, as it were, court a closer attention, and invite, in a special manner, His ear to listen. How fearful, *then*, to think of having doubts of His ability to hear, and (if we ask aright) of His readiness to answer. Oh! for more earnestness and firmness of faith in offering up our petitions to God. Thus only will we be able to say with confidence, 'The Lord *hath* heard the voice of my weeping. The Lord *hath* answered my supplication.' . . . But have we not reason to be thankful that these blessings (which, in comparison of all others, are alone worth the asking) may be sought with certainty and confidence. 'Blessed be God that hath not turned away my prayer.' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me be stirred up to bless and magnify His

holy name.' Oh! that these feelings may influence us in our approaches to God! The more communion we have with Him, the more peace will we have, and the happier will be our lives. We will thus become more useful, both passively and actively—useful passively, that is, to have the soul holy and beautiful, reflecting the image of God, and thus manifesting His power and goodness—actively useful in the highest sense, that is, to devote our efforts to the souls of others."

Again, we find him writing:—

"We rejoice to believe that none who have ever trusted Jesus, exercising faith and love towards Him, will be forsaken by Him at last. In our most serious moments there is very great danger of sinful thoughts arising in our minds. These thoughts may appear to us harmless at a superficial glance. But let us think whether God can regard them so, and how we ourselves will feel when they are disclosed to a congregated world, and all that hideous idolatry of self is exposed."

Again, he writes:—

"An impatient feeling of superiority and want of forbearance too often characterise us in coming into contact with others. It arises very much from a proud and unsubdued heart, and it is to the cross that we must have recourse again, to get our hearts broken and melted by the sight of a dying and crucified Saviour. Christ alone has the power, and He alone has the will, to grant such great requests as those we need to present; and, contemplating at what a price He has brought us salvation, may we make it our endeavour to make our calling and election sure, and strive to obey our

Lord and Master in all things, becoming changed into the same image; for He was a glorious pattern."

Again:—

"We have great reason to feel thankful that we have been spared, and furnished with such precious opportunities for preparing to spend a useful life; and still, in looking back, I find that there are very many things done, in my case, that require the putting forth of a mercy that must be great indeed to overlook and pardon. 'The mercy of the Lord is in the heavens, and His faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.' . . . . Many a one who is now in the kingdom of God, and has seen His glory, can attest that He is possessed not only of the power, but of the will to do so (pardon sin), and He has debarred none. How, then, should we strive that we may reach the heavenly Jerusalem!"

And again:—

"How time flies! My seventeenth birth-day came round yesterday. You and I are speeding onward to the age of manhood, and require to prepare ourselves for after-life. But how very short is even the utmost limit of life on earth! If we ever hope to enjoy a life after we pass, as we must, from this passing scene of things, we must prepare for it now. It is a most solemn fact that our destiny for eternity rests on the settlement of our accounts with God in so short a space as is assigned to us here. But then we have to bless Him that all he requires may be the work of a moment; and it is just a look to the cross to have the hard heart melted, and the demon self humbled and put down, and God exalted to the place in our heart's love to which He is entitled. Nothing will

make up to us, either in this world or the next, the want of God's love. Without it we cannot be happy—with it we are happy and safe for ever."

How fine and touching are these reflections on the completion of his seventeenth year! How direct and satisfactory these personal references! And all the more so when we take into account the great moral accuracy by which from childhood the subject of them was distinguished, and his extreme habitual reserve in saying anything about himself on these greater matters. What he did say, therefore, may, with the greater confidence be received as the genuine workings of the heart, graciously moved by the "powers of the world to come." Self-inspection, humility, contrition, faith in the crucified One, are here seen to be exercises to which he was no stranger; while the throne of grace was a theme with which he was earnestly seeking for his soul's good to be familiar, and then, too, at a time of temptation, when the young mind is in great danger of being almost exclusively taken up with literary and classical pursuits. These letters show that his views of divine truth were both intelligent and practical; and we cannot say less of them, particularly those giving an exposition of the atonement, than that they are not only clear and satisfactory as far as the treatment of the subject goes, but are, in many

respects, very admirable. How relieving and comforting that we have been enabled to put such things on record, as illustrative of his religious character! A gracious Providence ordered and designed it so, and *His* hand in this we must own. There is love here—the love of a Father, revealing in a way not expected the lineaments of His own child, which He will give back again to bereaved mourners matured and perfected in the skies. "We shall be satisfied when we awake with his likeness."

We must now proceed to the sad and sorrowful part of this memorial. In April, 1855, his health began visibly to decline, and indications of swelling in the limbs showed themselves that awakened serious apprehensions. An eminent physician in Edinburgh having been consulted, prescribed what tended to allay the swelling, without, however, having any favourable effects on the general health. It was then decided that he should withdraw from business for a season; should go north with his uncle, Dr. P., and try the effects of a local change and bracing exercise. He had often visited Kirkwall, and into this arrangement, every way acceptable to him, he cordially entered. Betwixt his uncle and him there existed a remarkably strong mutual attachment. Scarcely a parent's heart could go out more warmly towards a fondly cherished son on the one hand, nor a son be more knit in loving confidence on the other, than was evinced here. It is,

therefore, not too much to suppose that this intercourse and intimacy exerted a strong influence in the formation of his character—scripture example and precept being enforced by the powerful element of love drawn both from nature and grace.

As regards the state of his health on reaching the north, we shall allow him to speak for himself. Writing to his friend, he says :—

KIRKWALL, 9*th July*, 1855.

MY DEAR JAMES,

Your very interesting and satisfactory letter from Scutari was forwarded to me at Aberdeen on my way northwards here. I may as well explain at present that the reason of my absence from home is, that the symptoms of weakness which were beginning to manifest themselves before you left, subsequently increased so much that I was for some weeks almost wholly confined to the house, and subjected to a course of medicine which very much reduced the system. Since leaving Glasgow I sojourned in company with my Kirkwall uncle at Aberdeen, and then at Invergordon. We came on to Orkney a week ago. I trust I am now on the way of regaining strength, though digestion is still very languid, and the symptoms you remarked still remain. I have purchased a horse, and design to take as much riding exercise as I can stand. . . . . By the time this reaches you will no doubt be busy in your new hospital. I was struck to hear that there were so few invalids in Scutari hospital when you wrote; but many of the wounded are not sent there now; and, doubtless, ere this you have a different tale to tell. The success of the

seventh June, and the failure of the eighteenth are our latest information with regard to active operations. But no doubt ere this reaches you the attempt on the Malakhoff and Redan will have been renewed. The death of Lord Raglan has produced quite a gloom throughout the country. His successor is as yet very much unknown to fame, though an old officer; and he will not have the confidence of the country till he prove himself worthy of it. When is the struggle to cease? I am sure I am heartily tired of it; and the general tide of feeling is setting in in the direction of peace. Will even the taking of Sebastopol settle the matter? I fear not. I often think of you during this warm weather. How hot it must be with you! Have you been exempted from illness? Be sure you study every means in your power to promote health, and especially beware of overwork; and that you may be long spared in health and vigour, to be useful to the poor victims of wounds or disease that may come under your care, is the earnest wish and prayer of your attached friend,

JAMES PATERSON.

He continued several weeks in Orkney, taking as much exercise on horseback as he could stand; yet it became sadly apparent that the symptoms of weakness, instead of diminishing, were from day to day on the increase. This state of matters filled his uncle and relatives with the deepest solicitude, who agreed that he should lose no time in coming South. Being the communion season, his uncle could not leave with him, but he wrote out the symptoms most minutely from his own observation, and com-

mitted them to James's care, to be submitted to one or two of the most eminent in the medical profession in Aberdeen. On his reaching Aberdeen—where, as in Kirkwall, he had a home—this was done under the auspices of his uncle John. The two medical men who were consulted concurred fully as to the nature and dangerous character of the complaint, and the mode of treatment, generally, that ought to be pursued. His father and mother here met their beloved invalid, to ascertain the issue of the consultation, and to have him removed to Loanhead Cottage. His sad prostration greatly afflicted them; nor them only, but his uncle also—and the leave-taking at the railway train was very affecting. James was seated at the far end of the carriage—his father and mother had taken their seats—his two junior brothers were on the platform on either side of their uncle, under whose care they then were. All deeply felt; but dared not by word or deed avow the feeling. He, too, realised the scene. It was too much for him. Looking out for a moment with a wistful glance on those he was to leave behind, his manly heart visibly heaved, and for the first time he turned away with moistened cheek. This was the last time his uncle caught the softened glance of that fine quick eye that had so often greeted him in loving and gladsome mood. They proceeded as far as Stirling, where they remained over-night. Next

day they completed their journey by means of carriage and horse conveyance, without much apparent inconvenience to the invalid. Here everything was done for him that parental solicitude and affection could do—medical advice, confirmed by the most eminent of the Glasgow Faculty, being followed out with scrupulous care.

His uncle from Kirkwall, yielding to the dictates of varied intensified feeling, speedily followed him in his journey to the cottage, that he might ascertain how he had stood the travelling, aid his distressed father in consultation, and be satisfied that all was done that human agency could accomplish. And here it was, lying on that bed on which he himself had often lain, that he saw for the last time him who, from his nephew, had become his companion, and who occupied a place in his affections scarcely lower than that of the most loved human being on the earth.

He remained at the cottage for several weeks, and was able occasionally to take a mild drive out of doors, &c., the variations of health being such as at one time to inspire hope, and at another time to fill the mind with painful apprehension.

Towards the close of autumn it was deemed advisable to have him removed to some more genial locality. He had all along expressed a wish to make trial of the water cure, and felt much disappointed when

told that it was not altogether suited to the nature of his complaint. Dr. Paterson of Rothesay and others being consulted, were of opinion that hydropathy in his case might be partially used with probably good effect. Accordingly, after remaining a brief space in Glasgow, he proceeded, accompanied by his father and mother, to Rothesay, and took rooms in the vicinity of Dr. Paterson's establishment. Here again the same alternations of extreme debility and occasional rallying showed themselves; yet, on the whole, the change seemed to prove beneficial, and tended rather to inspire than to depress hope. The ordeal he had to pass through in these changes was exceedingly trying. Yet he bore all with that unrepining gentleness of spirit so characteristic of him.

Here he received many letters from kind sympathising friends; and, among others, one from his esteemed pastor, the Rev. Mr. M'Gill, of whose kindness and care he had a very lively sense, and whose ministerial accomplishments and fidelity he much admired. In his pastor he had a true and affectionate friend, and to sit under his excellent ministry was one of his most valued privileges.

While in Rothesay he received a visit from his uncle Alexander, to whom he was warmly attached. The parting interview was trying and touching, under the sad presentiment that it *might* be the last time they would meet on earth.

The treatment of Dr. Paterson seeming to prove beneficial, it was thought advisable that he should leave the rooms he occupied, and go into the establishment. What were his views and feelings on doing this, and when left alone, we learn from a letter written to his friend, the last he received from him :—

ROTHESAY, 26*th Nov.*, 1855.

MY DEAR JAMES,

Your very welcome letter of the 6th inst. reached me in due time. Though, properly speaking, I was in your debt, I had an idea that hearing of my illness would induce you to forego ceremony. I heard of your ague, and was feeling anxious about you. I am very glad the visit to the Crimea last month did you so much good, and I trust you will now find yourself quite acclimated. I have been in Rothesay for upwards of a month, under treatment by Dr. Paterson, and a week ago I came to live at his cold water establishment. He is a thoroughly experienced, cautious, and trustworthy man, and seems to understand my case. I am a good deal better under the treatment. The great drawback at present is the cold. The thermometer was at freezing point yesterday. It is very trying for me, as I am particularly susceptible of cold, and am obliged to keep my room a good deal. The Dr. says that is the only thing that makes him anxious ; and during the worst of the season it may be necessary for me to go home, and confine myself to a couple of rooms at a moderate temperature. I should have been in a warmer climate over the winter, but was afraid of the travelling. The disease is very trying and tedious. I have now had long opportunity to learn

the lesson of submission and humility it is designed and fitted to teach. I have been too often disappointed to expect a speedy recovery now; but with the blessing on the use of means I have great hopes of a gradual and permanent cure. I have felt very desponding, and unreasonably unhappy at times in the view of my lost health. My desire is to feel more resigned and cheerful under the rod, and to use it as a blessing. I am writing this epistle on my knee by the fire, which must be my excuse for scribbling. I am much interested to hear of your arrangements for the winter. You boast of warm weather; but I suppose you have been enjoying a second summer, and now the winter must be setting in with all its intensity. I hope you are thoroughly housed. You do not tell me much about your routine. Be sure to give me all the minutiæ in your next. . . . Write me very soon, and believe me,

My Dear James,

Your very affectionate friend,

James Paterson.

The cold weather now setting in led to the resolution to leave Rothesay for a season, and to return to Glasgow, where, under the family roof, artificial means of warmth might better be applied. The removal did not seem to be attended with any injurious consequences. It was not long, however, before symptoms of serious relapse showed themselves, in not only great prostration of strength, but swelling in the face, &c.

Alas! alas! All the efforts that skill and love could put forth, and all the attentions they could devise,

could not arrest the progress of the fatal malady. He was now under the presiding affectionate and watchful eye of his mother. She and his sisters closely attended him, read to him, and ministered to his wants. Of their devotion to their charge it is difficult rightly to speak. Fondly loving him, their quick discernment anticipated his every want. With a self-sacrifice which such affection only could sustain, by night and by day they watched over him, their solicitude and tenderness being increased by that extreme prostration that ultimately rendered him incapable of exertion of any kind, mental or otherwise. And still less can we speak of his love to them in return, and of his sense of their services. One or two manifestations of these were of a kind, and marked by a tenderness, never to be forgotten by the family.

The "last enemy" began now to send forth his harbingers, and to give unmistakeable signs of his approach. In the beginning of the week before his death, his disease took the form of bronchitis, which latterly rendered swallowing very painful, and caused great difficulty in articulation. It now became apparent that the disease was making rapid progress, and towards the end of the week his strength was greatly reduced. That occasional stupor which had all along been a marked feature of the disease became more and more frequent and prolonged. During the last three days of his life he had only short intervals of

consciousness, and these were seasons of great suffering. Nevertheless, when friends around engaged in prayer, putting himself in the attitude of devotion, he seemed to follow with deep earnestness; and once, when a question somewhat more pointed than usual was put to him, as to his reliance on the Saviour, his distinct answer was, "I hope so." During his last interval of consciousness, he endeavoured several times to speak, but even the ear of love could not so distinguish as to allow his thoughts to be caught. Shortly before the last season of stupor came on, however, he fixed his bright eyes upwards, and whispered, "Now, now—come, come." On being asked, "Is it the Lord Jesus, James?" he added, "Quickly, quickly," in a tone so clear and distinct as to take those around by surprise.

He soon after relapsed into unconsciousness, continued to breathe for several hours, and at half-past seven on Tuesday morning, 29th January, 1856, he expired, aged twenty-one years and nine months.

The funeral was large, and the religious service appropriately conducted by the Rev. Mr. M'Gill. The long line of mourning carriages slowly wending their way to the High Church Necropolis formed a spectacle that memory will long recall. There, in this "city of the dead," were deposited the earthly remains of one who had run a brief yet honourable and exemplary career—who had won his way to many hearts—and

respecting whom we have the unspeakably consoling hope that he was found in favour both "with God and man."

Regarding his conduct as a son we can scarcely trust ourselves to speak. His bearing was not menial, but a pattern of manly, confiding, dignified respect. This was especially the case in reference to his mother, who never sought to exact from such a son the outward forms of submission. She trusted everything to his right feeling and good judgment, and was never disappointed. A high place in her esteem he could not but occupy, and closely entwined around her heart he could not but be. In addition to all that he was to her personally, he was of great service to her relatively. Wisely and well did he second her efforts, and those of his father, in training the younger members of the family. His influence over his younger brothers was remarkable. It much more nearly resembled the influence of a father than of a brother. His word was law to them; and, proceeding from that fine combination of judgment, gentleness, and affection, which distinguished him, it could scarcely fail to be so.

With his father, being latterly associated with him in business, he came into close and constant contact, and by this contact hardly can it be doubted that, beyond all other influences, his general character was moulded. Language can scarcely express with sufficient strength their mutual love and confidence.

Deeply did James Paterson love his father, and deeply did his father love him; nor would it be easy to say whether the paternal or filial affection was the stronger. They were of one heart and one soul. It is not surprising, therefore, that his father, under a sense of his loss, and in the paroxysm of his grief, should, as his eyes were closed, have exclaimed, "Farewell, my dear boy, till the resurrection of the just. Very pleasant hast thou been to us in thy lifetime. My boy, my sweet boy! whom can I love as I have loved thee!" and should again subsequently have expressed sympathy with such exclamations as these—"My son, mine honour!" "Such pity as a father hath, *like* pity the Lord showeth to them that fear him." "What pity must that be!" But Christian fortitude, imparted and strengthened by a living Saviour, can sustain the soul under the heaviest load.

Why is all this? Who can fully answer? But "what we know not now we shall know hereafter." "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Enough has been said in these notices, and especially enough has been said by himself, to allow a fair estimate to be formed of him, and to allow the younger members of the family, if they are spared, to see in future years what their eldest brother was.

Were the elements of his character gathered up and combined, we should have a rare picture of youthful excellence presented to us. But instead of allowing love to attempt this, or to linger longer, it may be safer and better to close with the reminiscences of friends.

The first is an extract minute of one of the societies of which he was a member :—

"We record the deep regret with which we have heard of the death of Mr. James Paterson, one of our youngest and most effective teachers. In this mysterious event we acknowledge the hand of God, who doeth all things well. While we naturally expected a more lengthened career of usefulness from one so young and talented, and heartily inclined to our Sabbath School work; yet we would bow to the behest of the Great Disposer of life in thus striking down our friend on the threshold of manhood, and summoning him to a higher service. By his education and natural ability he was well fitted to take a foremost part in our Sabbath evening exercises. His judgment and caution were calculated to be of great assistance to us in forming our decisions; while his natural dignity and gentleness won the respect and sympathy of all. We rejoice greatly to know that those truths which he delighted to tell to others were his support in a dying hour, and that he fell asleep on the bosom of that Saviour whom he had ever commended to the young. As we have parted with fellow-labourers before, so we part with our friend now, in the sure hope that when, through the grace of our Saviour, we stand beyond death and the grave, we shall meet with him and those

gone before him, in that deathless land where there are no farewells. And, also, we would seek to learn from this bereavement the urgent necessity of doing the work of our day with all our might, of mingling less with the pleasures and pursuits of earth, and manifesting more that we are citizens of an immortal empire and children of the living God.

"And, further, we desire in this manner to sympathise with the bereaved family, and commend them to that Father who is better than many sons, and that Friend who sticketh closer than any brother."

An esteemed friend and brother in the ministry wrote Dr. Paterson thus :—

"Among my interesting reminiscences in Kirkwall was your nephew—that boy so beautiful, so sprightly, so charming in dispositions and manners, as to render him one of the most prepossessing youths I ever met. How was my heart stricken when I heard last year that he was dead! And how deeply did I join in the sorrow which must have weighed down yours, and the hearts of his parents. And yet, why mourn so sadly? If the information I received is correct, he was prepared for the kingdom, and entered it through much tribulation. As he was loved, those who loved him should rejoice that he has gone to the Father. Enough for us that Christ has the keys of hades and of death, and that he is the agent of such events."

A valued friend of his own, also in the ministry, on his death wrote to his father as follows :—

30*th January*, 1856.

"My Dear Sir,

"Though not unexpected, the news of James's death came upon us with a heavy stroke. The chamber of mourning is sacred; but the threshold may be crossed by the truly sympathising. And on this ground I claim to be admitted to weep with them who weep. The loss you feel so deeply is one that will be widely felt, for he who has gone from amongst us had entwined himself around many hearts. As you may be aware, he and I were not so intimate as to be bosom companions—were not so closely knit as in other circumstances we might have been; for at our time of life the disparity of a few years in age makes a wide interval. We were just beginning to *know* each other, and now I cannot help expressing to you the admiration I had for James. Intellect combined with heart is the happiest of unions, and in him I saw an expanding mind linked to a warm and true soul. There was no one who did not respect his talents—all loved his goodness. Gentleness, artlessness, high integrity, were conspicuous in his life. And above all—and what a consolation is the thought—real piety shone forth and shed its mellowing influence on all he was and all he did."

What follows is from the pen of his beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. M'Gill:—

"I very promptly obey the kind suggestion, for it falls in with an impulse of my own heart, to put on record a few sentences in memory of my dear young friend. My recollec-

tions embrace the whole of that brief life, with the exception of a few years of its childhood. In the pastoral class, in the missionary committee, in the relaxation of home, at the sick-bed and the death-bed, I was led to observe that maturing character with deepening interest. I cannot therefore feel as if I were putting forth the obtrusive hand of a stranger, in seeking to plant one or two fragrant memories on that early and honoured grave; besides, to do so gratifies my friendship, counting him, as I continue to do, among my *friends;* while it gratifies my sympathy with those who still love him under a dearer name. I find it pleasing even to think of that erect, youthful, gentlemanlike mould of outward man that belonged to him; and especially of those expressive features, with their aspect of thoughtful gentleness, lighted up with the lustre of that dark and penetrating eye. To a stranger it would scarcely, I think, have suggested surprise, to have been pointed to him and told that he had carried the highest honours in two of the philosophy classes of his university. This circumstance indeed will be accepted by all who can judge in the matter, as establishing the fact of his possessing talents of a sterling order. Yet this distinction is very far indeed from being uppermost in the thoughts of those who really knew him.

"In regard to mental qualities, I judge that *a clear and vigorous intellect was in him the presiding power.* The ease and precision with which he perceived a subject, gave such promptitude to his decision, and such clearness to his expression, as made you feel you were in the presence of a *thinker.* I have known him, when in age and appearance scarcely more than a boy, discussing in a prepared address a wide practical subject, so as to thrill a large assembly: the effect being due mainly to the simple power of clear statement and felicitous arrangement; sustained

in the delivery by moral fervour and self-possession, and unaccompanied by a single instance of mere juvenile efflorescence.

"With regard to moral qualities, I cannot but regard that erect bearing of the outer man, with its aspect of gentleness, as the fit symbol of *uprightness within, at once scrupulous and robust.* Hence, when necessary, his modesty and benevolence did not prevent the utterance of that moral indignation, against what was mean or wrong, without which a character wants an essential complement. From various circumstances, and especially from a native manliness, carried, I doubt not, to the extreme of undue reserve in the expression of his deeper feelings, it may be difficult to say how far the marked uprightness I allude to was due to nature, and how far to grace. No doubt it was referable to both. His Christian life seems to have dated from his very early days, and must therefore have been interwoven with the entire growth of his mind and heart. On the day following his "seventeenth birth-day," we find him writing: "*It is just a look to the cross to have the hard heart melted, and the demon self humbled and put down, and God exalted.*" In an earlier letter he had written of communion with God as fit to make us useful, not only actively, but "*passively; that is, to have the soul holy and beautiful, reflecting the image of God.*" It is instructive to put these fine sayings in juxtaposition. Such principles of self-discipline, brought to bear upon a mind in which there existed, natively, a fine balance and proportion, could not fail to result in an early maturity and striking symmetry of parts.

Such *keeping* between clear intellect and the quality justly denominated *heart*, especially as combined with cultivation, is very rarely to be met with in one so young. Hence a peculiar bitterness in our lamentation over such early maturity, when it is arrested by early death. Such a life may seem to shallow reason, like some vessel marred and broken in the making; or

like some exquisite instrument of music which, after a few thrilling pieces have been performed on it, is jangled, broken, and laid aside. But faith sees the blessed solution of this mystery, as reason cannot; and the solution is, that service to God begun on earth and interrupted here is transferred to heaven. The life of a promising young Christian, removed in mid-time of his days, is, in God's sight, a completed life, and not a fragment. It is not the broken pillar, pointing mournfully and reproachfully to heaven. It is rather a foundation on which grace builds a glorious though unseen structure in a region higher than the skies. Had our young friend belonged for a few more years to time, we would have been saying—and why may we not say of him, though now belonging to eternity:—

"'And thou art worthy! full of power
As gentle, liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly, like a flower.'"

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

Glasgow, *9th December*, 1850.

My Dear James,

I received your letter as usual, last week. I am glad to see that you think the topic * a suitable one; and I hope we may be benefited by the examination of it. You remarked in your last, that in drawing near God we should be duly impressed with a sense of his greatness. Why? Was it not He that created man, and that provides for him all his means of sustaining life? Is it not He that rules the warring elements, and that regulates the motion of the earth; and that causes the sun to give light and heat by day, and the moon to take its place by night? In short, is it not He who governs the universe with its countless worlds, many of them in size more

* The topic referred to is "Prayer," which he had selected, as noticed in the Memoir.

than equal to our own, while they appear but as specks in the sky? "Great is the Lord and greatly to be feared; He also is to be had in reverence of all them that are about Him." But before we can regard Him with reverence, another feeling must come in besides a sense of His majesty. We must be impressed with a sense of His goodness. God's goodness is no doubt manifested in the works of nature, and in His beneficent arrangement for the support of His creatures; but it is by the light of revelation alone that the great act of love to fallen man, which is matter of wonder to the holy angels, and which will be the theme of everlasting song to the redeemed of men, is disclosed. And those alone who have experienced in themselves the blessedness of the gift of Christ can rightly appreciate God's goodness. Then, since a sense of the goodness of God is a necessary accompaniment of acceptable prayer; and since this can only be obtained by a personal interest in Christ's mediation, how important that we have our sins cleansed away by his righteousness. Are not these beautiful lines?

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

What I have said leads me to remark, that in all

our prayers we must have Christ before us. No prayer can be acceptable to God that is not through him. He interposes between God and us, and suffered the penalty of the broken law that His justice might be satisfied, and that with it mercy to man might be combined; and since he has done all this, it is through him, and none but him, that we can get pardon and acceptance with God. I hope you will continue this in your next.

My Blackstone examination has not come round yet. You may address to 14 Canning Place, instead of the yard now. I hope to see you soon; meanwhile

I am,

Yours affectionately,

JAMES PATERSON.

GLASGOW, *7th January*, 1851.

MY DEAR JAMES,

We have now, if you recollect, spoken of four things which enter into the offering of acceptable prayer. As these are apt to go out of mind, it may

be as well, before going farther, to make a short summation of them:—

1*st.* It must be presented with reverence and awe.

2*nd.* With a deep sense of the goodness of God in the temporal mercies which He has bestowed and continues to us; and, chiefly, in giving His own Son to die the accursed death of the cross, that we might live.

3*rd.* In the name and for the sake of Jesus, by whose intercession alone our prayers can come before Him with acceptance.

4*th.* With faith. How often is the heart tempted to forget the reality of God's presence in prayer. Every action of our lives is no doubt seen by His omniscient eye, and every word we utter heard by Him; but in prayer we, as it were, court a closer attention, and invite, in a special manner, His ear to listen. How fearful, *then*, to think of having doubts of His ability to hear, and (if we ask aright) of His readiness to answer! Oh! for more earnestness and firmness of faith in offering up our petitions to God. Thus only will we be able to say with confidence, "The Lord *hath* heard the voice of my weeping, the Lord *hath* answered my supplication."

5*th.* In order that prayer may be acceptable, those blessings must be sought which He has promised to bestow, or which He sees will be for our immortal well-being—for things, as expressed in the Shorter

Catechism, agreeable to His will. We can never go wrong in asking spiritual blessings. God has told us here to ask and we shall receive; and, if we receive not, it is because we ask amiss. To temporal desires we should give a subordinate place, leaving it to Jehovah himself to decide as to their propriety. Did not the man Christ Jesus leave us a wonderful example of humility and submission in this respect? In the Garden of Gethsemane, he said, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." But have we not reason to be thankful that those blessings (which, in comparison of all others, are alone worth the asking) may be sought with certainty and confidence. "Blessed be God that hath not turned away my prayer." "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me be stirred up to bless and magnify His holy name." Oh! that these feelings may influence us in our approaches to God! The more communion we have with Him, the more peace will we have, and the happier will be our lives. We will thus become more useful both passively and actively—useful passively, that is, to have the soul holy and beautiful, reflecting the image of God, and thus manifesting His power and goodness—actively useful in the highest sense, that is, to devote our efforts to the souls of others.

Friday afternoon, part of Saturday, and yesterday

afternoon I devoted to my essay, which is now finished. You will see, from a remark above, in what sense we may regard usefulness as the highest object of life. I have given it a new title however, —"Usefulness—its requisites and motives."

I am, yours, &c.,

JAMES PATERSON.

GLASGOW, 20*th January*, 1851.

MY DEAR JAMES,

I received yours last night in due course. You ask how my aunt is. I daresay I forgot to mention in my note to ——— that I went home with her as far as Greenhill on the Saturday, that is, eight days ago. Her head healed much sooner than we expected, leaving very little mark, and her arm was also doing very well.

. . . . . .

Perhaps we may now go on to consider some of the reasons why we should pray to God. And, 1*st*, I would remark, we ought to pray because we are poor. We are naturally poor now, and poor in prospect.

We are houseless, and exposed to the storm of divine wrath. Every moment we, as it were, offer defiance to God, by trampling on His commands and making our unrenewed hearts our guide. But, though God forbear for a time, He will not always keep back His hand. We are told that He is "angry with the wicked every day," and the gathering storm will one day burst forth in awful vengeance. We are naturally poor, too, in the sense of being clothed in rags. We must be adorned with the white garment of Christ's righteousness, because "our own righteousnesses are as filthy rags." With much greater likelihood might the beggar, filth-bespattered and abominable, expect to be permitted to pay homage to the sovereign, in company with the beautifully-dressed and gay courtier, or the man spoken of in the parable, be permitted to partake of the marriage feast without the wedding garment, than the poor sinner to obtain a hearing clothed in his own righteousness. The natural man is poor, too, in being without food or spiritual nourishment; at least, he starves himself in refusing the food provided. He is also heavy laden with a burden of guilt. But provision has been made for all these cases. Is the poor sinner houseless? He is invited to take covert under the wings of the Almighty. Is he exposed to God's wrath? "Kiss ye the Son lest he be angry." "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." Then, there is a robe provided for

him, even the righteousness of Jesus. Is he without sustenance? "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Is he borne down under his guilt? "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These things show man's poverty, and consequently what infinite need there is for prayer. Besides, man being naturally poor now, he is poor in prospect. Instead of being an "heir of God and joint-heir with Christ," he is an heir of eternal wrath; and surely that is poverty. But we have reason to rejoice that God has set before His people the prospect of a heavenly Jerusalem, where all will be rich indeed; and not only so, but freed from all earthly alloy, perfect bliss shall be conjoined with the riches, and all there will join in the song: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and honour, and glory, and dominion, and strength."

Give my kind regard to ———, and tell him I expect his letter to-morrow.

I am,

My Dear James,

Yours affectionately,

James Paterson.

3rd February, 1851.

My Dear James,

I have not been at college since Thursday. We get the last Friday of each month; and we got to-day, too, being Candlemas. I could have found it in my heart to come through and spend Sabbath with you, had it not been our communion. We had Mr. ——— assisting. He gave us a very fine sermon last night on the company and condition of the redeemed in glory.

The third division of our subject is one of great importance. Without coming before God with suitable subjects of prayer, we cannot understand aright the sentiments which ought to influence us in our devotions. I do not know how you intended to treat this part of our subject; but, in this letter, I shall just mention one thing for deliverance from which we ought to pray—the power of sin within us. The heart naturally is averse to all that is holy and good: it is in the bondage and under the dominion of sin. But then it is a willing slavery; and the attempts (if attempts are made at all) to be set free from this spiritual bondage are feeble and insincere. Such is the case; but we must not conclude that, when an individual becomes a Christian, he is therefore entirely freed from the influence of sin within him. We

rejoice to believe that none who have ever trusted Jesus, exercising faith and love towards him, will be forsaken by him at last; but then, such is the depravity of fallen human nature, such the deceitfulness of the heart, and such, even with the good, the readiness to yield to temptation, that many departures from God, and too much conformity to the world, is the consequence. Even the apostle felt this, and acknowledged that "when he would do good, evil was present with him," and that there was a "law in his members warring against the law of his mind," which was often bringing him into the captivity of the "law of sin which was in his members." Since such is the deceitful and dangerous nature of sin within us, it shows us, I think, how great is the necessity for strict and scrutinizing searching of motives in our actions. In our most serious moments there is very great danger of sinful thoughts arising in our minds. These thoughts may appear harmless to us at a superficial glance; but let us think whether God can regard them so, and how we ourselves will feel when they are disclosed to a congregated world, and all that hideous idolatry of self is exposed. I will not conclude this part at present.

I am exceedingly sorry that I should so far have overstepped our agreement as to allow it to be Thursday ere my letter is sent. I wrote half of it on Monday, and was interrupted; and since, I have not

had time to finish it. I hope you will excuse this once. I was much gratified to learn from ——— that you had been speaking at a meeting, and that you did well. It is a pleasing thought that our correspondence on this subject may have contributed to your better understanding it, and thus to the benefit of some to whom you spoke. I hope that much good may be done next week at the meetings which your brother ——— is to address.

I am,

Yours affectionately,

JAMES PATERSON.

GLASGOW, 17*th Feb.*, 1851.

MY DEAR JAMES,

It is now past midnight, and consequently not a very seasonable hour to write you; but as I have promised to go down to Greenock to-morrow morning with a companion (cousin to —— ——, who died in Jamaica) who is going to New York, I

am afraid that if I put off writing you to-night I may not accomplish it to-morrow. Excuse this piece of paper, as it is the only bit I have.

You say, let us examine the Lord's Prayer. In a right spirit it must be a profitable exercise; therefore, let us endeavour to get an insight into its meaning and depth. It commences with a sentence which is highly calculated to give us an exalted idea of the character of God. He is said to be "Our Father," good and tender, and it is added, "who art in heaven." The being who inhabits heaven, nay, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, condescends to dwell with man upon the earth, and to be his father. Could we conceive every grain of sand in the earth swelled into the magnitude of a world, and thrown out to its proper distance, then might we have an idea of the greatness of creation, and of the infinitude of God's condescension. "What is man," &c.

The next clause, "Hallowed be thy name," implies on the part of the suppliant a deep sense of divine majesty, and a desire that this sense may spread to others, that the whole earth may be filled with the glory of God. Hallowing God's name implies the ascription to Him of blessing, and honour, and glory, &c., just as if on earth had been begun the song that is to end, or rather to be perfected, above:—"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;" and "Salvation, and honour, and glory, and power unto the Lord our

God." Again, speaking of the second person in the Godhead, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive strength, and riches, and honour, and glory, and power, and wisdom, and blessing."

"Thy kingdom come." Here is an answer to the question—For what things ought we to pray? We are required to entreat God for the success of His kingdom on the earth. Formerly we inquired into some of the causes of the slow spread of the Messiah's kingdom; and we saw that it was very much the result of man's own conduct. Notwithstanding of internal drawbacks, we are free moral agents, and therefore responsible for our actions. Personal effort is required both in respect of our own salvation (not in the way of helping it on by good deeds or self-righteousness) and that of others. If, therefore, we ask God that His kingdom may come in men's hearts, and leave it there, withholding individual exertion, our petition will be in vain, and our prayer but mockery of God.

You say nothing of your meetings. Kind regards to ———. I expect a letter. I am sorry for the ugly bit of paper, but I have no other.

I am,

Yours affectionately,

JAMES PATERSON.

Glasgow, 10*th March*, 1851.

My Dear James,

We have now come to the consideration of that part of our Lord's Prayer which relates to temporal blessings—"Give us this day our daily bread." We are apt to be taken up too much with those things which relate merely to our present comfort and happiness, and to neglect those which are of more vital consequence; not only because they relate to God, but also because they are fraught with deeper importance to ourselves. In minding time we forget eternity. For this reason, then, as well as for that far more important one, that the interests of Jehovah are paramount, has Christ instructed us, first, to ask God to glorify himself; then, that the interests of His kingdom should be advanced, and that His will may be done on earth as it is done in heaven, that we may be enabled to "live a life becoming the gospel." And now, and thus situated, we are taught to say, "Give us this day our daily bread." There are various circumstances which make this an appropriate and important petition for us to offer. *First*, We are unworthy of the least of God's mercies, and consequently ought not to receive temporal bounties as a matter of right or of course, without either asking God to bestow them, or thanking Him for them.

Secondly, The comforts of this life are conducive to health and happiness, and furnish the opportunities for a closer walk with God. How often do we find misery combined with poverty! How very often does poverty and want construct the door and lift the latch for the entrance of crime! We read of the poor man, Lazarus, who, at death, was received into Abraham's bosom, and of the rich man, who, dying, found himself in the place of torment; but we do not therefore conclude that poverty means virtue, or that riches is another name for vice. No! Abraham himself, in whose bosom the formerly poor man lay, was a man "rich in this world's goods." Here comes in another reason why we ought to offer up the petition of which we are speaking—viz., riches, or temporal possessions, and power are means by which Christ's kingdom may be extended. The greater a man's possessions are, the greater generally is his influence. His example is more readily followed, and what he says and does will probably have more weight with it than would be the case with those inferior in station. Then, again, money is a means by which the Gospel must be proclaimed, and those who have most, when the heart is in the right place, can afford to give most; and thus, with God's blessing, they may do much for the cause of truth.

How quickly the past week has gone! It seems but yesterday since I was spending a happy hour or two

with you. I am at my work again—Greek and Mathematics—and I am reading for an Essay on Athens. I wrote on Thursday, from which you would see that I got safely home, and found all well. When you write, mind the woman who had the operation for cancer. I feel interested in her. Kind regards to ——— and ———.

I am, &c.,

Your affectionate friend,

JAMES PATERSON.

GLASGOW, *March* 31, 1851.

MY DEAR JAMES,

I was not, for the reasons I gave you, able to write you last week. I delayed till to-day, expecting time, because I am persuaded our writing on such subjects will be of no avail without it; but even now I find that Homer sets up an opposing claim. For once I will resist, even at the risk of a castigation to-morrow.

In your last you took up that part of our Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." You showed how great was the mercy and kindness of God, in that, though we were debtors, and even whilst our debts, that is our sins, were accumulating, he was contriving a plan whereby we might be enabled to solve and discharge them. You showed how great the request we made in presenting the petition. It was to render such a prayer, coming from us, acceptable, that Jesus Christ suffered the ignominious death of the cross; and it is to it we must look if we want peace, and forgiveness, and happiness. We may sometimes feel unhappy and ill at ease with ourselves; and perhaps may not see any external cause to which we can assign this. I doubt not the real cause is a want of faith, a want of looking to the cross, which is, as you said, a panacea for all soul-diseases. If we could realise and feel this more, we would both be more happy, and be led to see Christ's condescension, and the efficacy of his interposition. We would be able to say with something more than mere words, "Though the earth be removed, yet will I not be afraid." "My heart is stayed in perfect peace." And with Paul, when he said, "I know in whom I have believed." In presenting the petition before us, we ask God to forgive our trespasses, in like manner as we forgive those who are debtors to us. And

yet, how often, if we look into our own heart, do we find that we have by no means exercised that forgiving spirit which we here profess to exercise! An impatient feeling of superiority and want of forbearance too often characterise us in coming into contact with others. It arises very much from a proud and unsubdued heart. And it is to the cross that we must have recourse again, to get our hearts broken and melted by the sight of a dying and crucified Saviour. Christ alone has the power, and he alone has the will, to grant such great requests as those we need to present. And, contemplating at what a price he has brought us salvation, may we make it our endeavour to make our "calling and election sure," and strive to obey our Lord and Master in all things, becoming changed into the same image; for he was a glorious pattern. Having alluded to the next petition in a former letter, I leave you to take it up for next week.

I am,

My dear James,

Yours most affectionately,

James Paterson.

Glasgow, 15*th April*, 1851.

My Dear James,

As you remarked in your last, it is a strange circumstance that we should have come to the conclusion of our subject and of the college session just about the same time. We have great reason to feel thankful that we have been spared, and furnished with such precious opportunities for preparing to spend a useful life. And still, in looking back, I find that there are very many things done, in my case, that require the putting forth of a mercy that must be great indeed to overlook and pardon. "The mercy of the Lord is in the heavens, and His faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds."

With regard to our topic this week, I do not think I have very much to say. It is, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen." The first point that demands consideration is the signification of the word "for" as it is used here. It seems to mean—We have been presenting many weighty petitions, and we present them to thee because thou alone hast the prerogative or the ability to grant our requests. And how true is this, and how impious in anyone to pretend that it is otherwise! The priests of the Church of Rome, pretending to act as the substitutes of God, take upon themselves the responsible

office of persuading their victims that they have secured the forgiveness of their sins. But are we not distinctly told in Scripture that none can forgive sin but God? In all the invitations to the weary, thirsty soul, such as, "Come to *me* and *I* will give you rest," God keeps the prerogative of purging the polluted soul from guilt and defilement, and making it beautiful and holy, in His own hand. And how fortunate that it is so! Every sin is an infinite evil, and deserves the wrath and curse of God, and the pains of hell for ever. It must, therefore, require the exercise of *infinite* mercy to forgive it. Now, no created being has, or can have, any infinite attributes; therefore, God alone can possibly pardon the sinner. Many a one who is now in the kingdom of God, and has seen His glory, can attest that He is possessed not only of the power, but of the will to do so, and He has debarred none. How, then, should we strive that we may reach the heavenly Jerusalem! I cannot refrain from putting down a beautiful verse of the pious Cowper, which is surely an appropriate ending—

> "Nearest the throne, and first in song,
> Man shall his hallelujahs raise,
> While wondering angels round him throng,
> And swell the chorus of his praise."

I had a letter from ——— since he went home, and must write him. I am glad you took his speech, and

that you got on well. I am writing one just now on "How to live well." First, speak of the solemnity of living, and then of some things we must do to live happily and well.

I am,

My dear James,

Yours most affectionately,

JAMES PATERSON.

GLASGOW, 28*th April*, 1851.

MY DEAR JAMES,

I received yours last week safely, and was exceedingly glad to see you in such good spirits. I have been inclined to feel somewhat of your mind at the giving up of the classes, ours having been given up to-day; but somehow there is a sadness mingled with my joy, arising from the fact that I have felt a little difficulty in fixing on what I should turn my attention now. As I intend to take the logic class, if spared, next winter, I am thinking of sitting down to Monro.

I understand this is the best for Buchanan's class that has yet been published. I may also try one of the Greek prize exercises;—not that I expect to get a prize, for I know some of the first students try it; but it would improve my Greek considerably;—the 9th Book of Herodotus, 3rd and 4th Books of the Odyssey, and Sandford's Prosody. I will also be employed at the yard, in order to get a knowledge of my father's business. I can't say I have ever definitely tried your plan of prescribing a fixed time each day for the different branches; but since you speak so much in its favour I will likely do so.

I half expected that, in your letter, you would have brought forward a new topic for consideration; but as I will see you soon we will arrange about it. I will probably be at ——— on Saturday, and have promised to spend an evening with ———. I will, therefore, see you at the church on Sabbath, and go over with you to ———, going home on Monday. How time flies! My seventeenth birth-day came round yesterday. You and I are speeding onward to the age of manhood, and require to prepare ourselves for after-life. But how very short is even the utmost limit of life on earth! If we ever hope to enjoy a life after we pass, as we must, from this passing scene of things, we must prepare for it now. It is a most solemn fact that our destiny for eternity rests on the settlement of our accounts with God in so short a space as is assigned

to us here; but then, we have to bless Him that all He requires may be the work of a moment; and it is just a look to the cross to have the hard heart melted, and the demon self humbled and put down, and God exalted to the place in our heart's love to which he is entitled. Nothing will make up to us, either in this world or the next, the want of God's love. Without it we cannot be happy—with it we are happy and safe for ever.

Of my speech, concerning which you were inquiring, I will tell you more particularly when I see you. The meeting takes place on Friday, which is the reason of my not coming out then. I had written before I got your last, but have not yet got an answer. Kind regards to all the family.

I am,

My dear James,

Yours affectionately,

JAMES PATERSON.

Glasgow, 19*th May*, 1851.

My Dear James,

The subject which you have suggested for our consideration is a most important one. Indeed, the most momentous question with which we have anything to do. It must then be of great consequence that we have a right comprehension of it, and of eternal consequence that we have right feeling in regard to it. Your division seems very natural and good. We will therefore stick to it. I trust we may receive both instruction and profit by examining it. *First*, The necessity; *Second*, The nature; *Third*, The extent of the atonement. We are to consider first the necessity, as seen in the character of God and in the condition and character of man.

Justice is an immutable part of God's character. It must and will on all occasions be exercised with absolute exactness. Man often mingles mercy with judgment, and does not and cannot fix punishment in absolute proportion to the demerit. He is guided by expediency; but it is otherwise with God. Whenever He has threatened punishment for transgression, it is necessary and certain that the cup of wrath will be emptied to the dregs. If any of God's creatures break His law, no consideration of mercy can open up the way to pardon, without satisfaction

being rendered to His justice. God gave our first parents His law, furnishing them with the ability and command to keep it, setting before them the punishment of death as the consequence of disobedience. "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." Consequently, when man fell, justice required his death. Here then stepped in the yearnings of love. Then was drawn forth the blessed attribute of mercy, which had hitherto been undisplayed; and which, for aught we know, but for the apparently incidental circumstance of man yielding to the temptation of a serpent, would have been veiled in the inscrutableness of the divine character for ever. The great problem was—"How could God be just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly?" How could He combine justice, which the perfection of His character required that He should exercise, with mercy, on which man had no claim? "Wisdom dwelling with prudence found out the wise invention;" and it was, that the penalty of the broken law should be inflicted on a substitute able and willing to bear it. Such an one was Christ Jesus. God's character then precluded the possibility of pardon to man without the payment of a ransom. But not only so, man's condition and character also precluded it. He had by his fall sunk himself into a state of debasement and enmity to God. The offence was all on his side, and therefore God must have satisfaction; and

the enmity was all on one side, and therefore there must be a system of things instituted whereby that enmity could be taken away. Mere intercession on the part of Christ with God would not do, because that would not have "made honourable" the broken law. Nor would it do merely to instruct man in his duty; for that alone can never remove heart-enmity. An atonement was necessary; and the atonement of Christ satisfied the claims of the broken law, and met man's need. The great antitype of the sacrifices offered under the Mosaic economy became incarnate, and suffered and died the accursed death of the cross, in order that he might open the floodgates of his Father's love. Thus he "magnified the law, and made it honourable;" gave it a dignity that it did not possess before; and laid the only sure foundation on which the convinced and troubled soul can rest.

In your next you will proceed to the second particular; and if you are prepared to do so, I would like if you would divide the second head.

You ask me if I have arranged my hours. Meanwhile they are these: One hour at the yard before breakfast; ten to one, study; one to four, yard; five to seven, study; eight till bed-time, study and reading. My study will principally be divided between Greek and Logic; but experience has not yet taught me how best to distribute them over my time. I intend

reading Homer, Herodotus, and Sandford's Prosody; and am not sure whether to go on with all at once, or finish one before another. I think the former plan the better yet. I have been reading the life of Samuel Johnson by Boswell. It is very interesting to mark the progress of so vast a mind; but there are many reprehensible traits in his character; and Boswell unwillingly displays his own puny charatcer with great clearness. He was a complete sycophant, and made Johnson his idol.

My father, mother, and uncle intend going to London this week, &c., &c.

Believe me,

My dear James,

Your ever affectionate friend,

JAMES PATERSON.

GLASGOW, *3rd June*, 1851.

MY DEAR JAMES,

I was writing you last night as usual, but did not get my letter written off till to-day. We have been endeavouring to prove the necessity

of an atonement for sin, if God's mercy is to be extended to the sinner. We have seen that the character of God and of man alike prevent any intercourse or compromise. We have seen, too, that an atonement has been made. The Son of God consented to become our daysman; and in order that he might effect a reconciliation, became incarnate, and obeyed even to the death. In the sacrifice of Jesus, God's justice was satisfied, His holiness wonderfully exhibited, and His truth maintained. Man seems naturally to have a feeling that he is under condemnation; and this leads him to try by penances and sacrifices to propitiate the favour and satisfy the justice of offended Deity. But when he is thoroughly awakened to a sense of his own sinfulness and God's justice, he must ever despair of satisfying it by any personal merit. This burden must be taken entirely off his own shoulders, or he can never have true peace. This the cross, and it alone, can do. The atonement of Jesus, then, is *one* way whereby the redemption of the believer is purchased. But not only so, it is the *only* way. *First*, Jesus was the only person who could make a sufficient expiation. *Second*, The expiation which Jesus offered was the only one that could be satisfactory.

I. Jesus was the only person who could make atonement for sin. "Other foundation can no man

lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus." Had it been possible for God to have been satisfied with any atonement inferior to that of Jesus, assuredly His well-beloved Son would have been spared the degradation. But no. The righteousness of pure and perfect man, or of the highest angel even, is sufficient only for himself. It required not only perfection but infinitude for the work; and none but God himself was or could be thus "mighty to save." "He saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor; therefore his arm brought salvation unto him, and his righteousness it sustained him." Jesus stepped forward, declaring his readiness to stand in the room of man; and God the Father was enabled to give forth the promise, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent." And surely, when we consider that the Divine Saviour was so overwhelmed under the infliction of his Father's wrath as to cry out in agony, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," the conclusion is irresistible, that he alone could bring in salvation.

II. The expiation which Jesus made was the only one that could be satisfactory. It was absolutely necessary that the Son of God, as the substitute of the sinner, should endure the penalty due to sin. Without this there would not have been an atonement.

Now, the penalty of sin was death, so that Christ must die. He could not stand between God and man either in his character of prophet or of king. He must become the offerer and offering—at once the priest and sacrifice. He must needs be our vicar, and suffer the punishment we deserved. And so it was. The sufferings of Christ, though penal, were vicarious. "He died for sins, but not his own." On this ground alone, then, can pardon be dispensed to the sinner. Just as, "By the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." Man fell by a representative; and a representative suffered in his stead. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

I leave the second head untouched, hoping you will divide in your next, and make any additional remarks on the topic of this letter that may occur to you.

My father, mother, and (Kirkwall) uncle, are at present in London. On account of my father being away I do not get sticking so closely to my hours of study as I would like. The yard requires a good deal of attention. I trust you are getting familiar with Celsus and the rest. I am very glad you liked ———'s preaching. I have heard from more sources than one a very high opinion expressed, so that you

have not the slightest reason to charge yourself with partiality. With kindest regards to all the family,

I am,

My dear James,

Your very affectionate friend,

JAMES PATERSON.

GLASGOW, 19*th June*, 1851.

MY DEAR JAMES,

What account I ought to give of my dilatoriness I know not, but have some desire to exculpate myself. I was sorry to let my writing day pass; but had to wait at the train for my uncle, who came home that evening. Up till yesterday my time was taken up with him; and though I was looking at our topic last night, I could not manage to get it written till now. My father and mother reached home on Friday last, having parted from my uncle by the way. They were highly delighted with their visit

to the metropolis; but fear, especially in the case of young persons, when proper habits and principles have not been formed, there is a great danger of being carried away by the very excess of grandeur. My uncle was at Birmingham over Sabbath, and preached for Mr. Angell James.

But to our subject. It falls to me to make a few remarks on the priestly office, and Christ's execution of its duties. I must needs be desultory. The existence of a priesthood seems to be coeval with the fall of man. For, although Melchisedec is the first person mentioned in Scripture as "priest of the most high God," we find Cain and Abel performing the duties of the office. The fact of its existence at so early a period, and in the course of time of a particular class of individuals being set apart for its maintenance, affords us evidence of its divine origin, and leads us to inquire into its nature and design. The office of a priest involved numerous duties; but, perhaps, principally those of sacrifice and oblation, and intercession. Under the Mosaic economy we see the priests going up at least every morning and evening to the altar of burnt offering, and there presenting the appointed sacrifice—a lamb without blemish. We see them in the Holy place filling the golden censor with incense, and then dropping into it a live coal from off the altar, which caused this "offering of a sweet smell" to penetrate through the blue veil into the Holy of

Holies, in which was the Shekinah or visible presence of God. And we hear of them, too, being commanded to "Weep between the porch and the altar, and to say, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the people should rule over them. Wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God?" Besides the ordinary priests, there was the High Priest, to whom the rest were subordinate. The first of these was Aaron, and after him the eldest of every succeeding generation of his descendants. He alone was permitted to enter the most Holy place, and that only once a-year. To have gone oftener would have incurred instantaneous death. This he did on the great day of atonement, when the scape goat, having the sins of the people confessed over it, was sent into "a land not inhabited," and he, having offered sacrifice first for himself, and then for the errors of the people, sprinkled the blood upon the mercy seat before the visible appearing of Jehovah. But all this was merely symbolical. The sacrifices offered by the priesthood pointed forward to the great and last sacrifice for sin—Christ Jesus. And the High Priest represented him who, in this character, "became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." The Son of God became both the priest and the sacrifice. He did not, it is true, with his own hands put himself to death. This would have broken one of his own commandments: it would

have been suicide. But, nevertheless, it was a willing sacrifice on his part; for it was to accomplish this that he came from heaven to earth. "He *gave* his life a ransom for many." And surely it was unnecessary that such a sacrifice should be repeated. "By *one* offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." And like the typical High Priest entering within the blue veil into the Holy of Holies, he went through the blue skies into the presence of his Father, presenting on behalf of his people the merits of his death. "He hath entered into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." He has not yet given up the duties of the office which he condescended to assume; but is still "by the right hand of God, making continual intercession for us." He is represented as the "Lamb in the midst of the throne;" and as "clothed in a vesture dipped in blood"—reminding us that he not only began the work of reconciliation, but is carrying it on, and will do so until "all old things shall have passed away," and a new system of things be introduced.

I can't help being sorry that you are leaving———; but am glad to think of the comfort and happiness you will in all probability enjoy in your new circumstances.

I hope ———'s health is being confirmed, and that he will be strengthened for his arduous duties.

My father has gone with uncle so far as Aberdeen,

having business to do; and Mr. Young, our clerk, is in the country, so that the foreman and I have sole charge meanwhile. I was exceedingly busy to-day. I expect to be in Orkney in about a fortnight, or as soon as I can get away from the yard. With kind regards to all the family,

I remain,

My dear James,

Yours most affectionately,

JAMES PATERSON.

KIRKWALL, 13*th August*, 1851.

MY DEAR JAMES,

Your last reached me in due time. The subject you treated is one of the deepest importance, and one which has occasioned much discussion. In this letter I shall endeavour to make a few remarks on the same topic.

The undue confinement of the designs of the death of Christ has given rise to much error in regard to the extent of the atonement. God has ends to gain

by whatever he does; and the death of Christ was not only fitted but designed to serve many great ends. It was designed to disclose the character of God in a manner that nothing else could do. It displayed His holiness, justice, wisdom, and mercy.

It was designed to exhibit the character of His law as holy, just, and immutable. Christ in dying magnified the law, and made it honourable.

It was designed, too, to develop the character and principles of His government in its inflexible rectitude; and in the character of Mediator the "government was on the shoulders" of Him "whose feet are as fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace."

It was designed, farther, to lay a solid basis for the free and unreserved offer of mercy to the race. Its infinite merit rendered it sufficient for this. Such was the satisfaction it rendered to the law of God, and the vindication it gave of His character and government, that He was enabled with perfect consistency to offer its blessings to every man. It was an atonement needed by all men alike, adapted to all, sufficient for all, offered to all, with the assurance that, if they accept it, they will be received, and if they reject it, the guilt will be their own. "God so loved the *world*, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Christ was fully furnished for the salvation of a whole world. He came not to save one class rather

than another. He is the physician of the whole world by office and by competency. No doubt many do not call him in, but still "he came to save sinners, even the chief." The death of Christ was further designed to secure the salvation of God's chosen people. If Christ had any definite purpose to save men in dying, that purpose must have been limited to those who will ultimately be saved. Some have maintained, as you stated in your last, that the death of Christ was *merely* a conditional provision of redemption for all mankind. This is opposed by many considerations. It would leave it a matter of doubt whether the atonement would, in *any* instance, be effectual. But this would be inconsistent with the promises of God to his Son, of the certain efficacy of his death, in such language as, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." "He shall see a seed who shall prolong their days; and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand."

The various characters which Christ sustained in dying seem also to go against this doctrine. He died as a shepherd. Then it must have been specially for his sheep. "I lay down my life for the sheep." "These I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." The church is represented as a bride; and for her, Christ in the character of a husband laid down his life. He died also as a surety; but this could not regard

the Father. "For all the promises of God are in him; yea, and in him, Amen." It was for man, then, that he was surety. But how can we regard him as in any strict or proper sense the surety of all men, since, in the case of all those who are lost, his suretyship would fail? God could never form a purpose which he would allow to be defeated, or begin an undertaking which he would not carry through. The doctrine of atonement is mentioned in Scripture as connected with an eternal and unconditional election. The death of Christ is given as a reason why none at last will be able to lay anything to the charge of God's elect—(Romans, viii. 33 and 34.) But if the atonement respects all men equally, it would form no peculiar defence against such a charge. The ground of a believer's security would then be, not the death of Christ, but an act on his own part, namely—believing.

We thus see that it is wrong to speak either of a universal atonement, or of a limited atonement. Neither of these is in any exclusive or proper sense true. It does not follow that, because the atonement may be viewed in two great aspects, that therefore, there was a *double* atonement. The phraseology recommended by our church seems most explicitly to bring out the true meaning: "the atonement has special and general relations, references, or aspects."

Much of the obscurity of this mysterious subject

arises out of the apparent conflict of divine decrees and free agency on the part of man. But if we acknowledge the fact that God knows every occurrence, great or small, that will ever come to pass, and yet act in every day life as if such a thing were not—why not carry the principle to its legitimate extent? Or if not, consistency urges us to adopt a principle professed by some of the ancients, and one which forms the excuse of many a hardened sinner, namely—fate. . . . . .

I have been getting on very agreeably with my work since I came. I expect to get the 3rd Book of the Iliad finished in a week or two, which will be a great relief. I like the logic very well, but have been meeting in with some difficulties in Whateley and Leechman's definitions, which it were needless to mention here.

The communion here was on Sabbath last. Uncle did all the work during the day himself. . .

We had beautiful weather last week, but now it has set in damp. I intended taking a ride this afternoon, but will be prevented for that reason.

I am,

My dear James,

Your affectionate friend,

JAMES PATERSON.

Glasgow, 14*th January*, 1852.

My Dear James,

It is now Wednesday evening, and I should have written you on Monday. But as before, I am just feeling so pressed that I scarcely know what to do first. I have no doubt you are so busy yourself that you at once see the force of the excuse, and accept it accordingly. But letting this unavoidable preliminary drop, I proceed to the subject matter of the letter.

You would be very much struck with the end of poor Winton and his wife. It came the more suddenly upon us from the recency of his connection with us. Your mother mentioned that he and Mrs. Winton had visited them a very short time ago. You recollect, too, of hearing the same sermon from him in Dr. King's that we had in Mr. M'Gill's: "The word of God is not bound." What a scene it must have been? Surrounded by a flaming ship and a tempestuous ocean! Then boatful after boatful overwhelmed in the waves, and many immortals hurried into eternity clinging to each other for a rescue none could give, while the flaming ship passed on. At such an hour as that, would be felt—when there was no eye to pity nor hand to help—the power of an almighty arm, and the value of Jesus

as a friend. Let us hope that the truths which Winton proclaimed to others were his own support in the hour of death; and that now, in presence of his Saviour, he is glorifying God for the very circumstance that we deem so melancholy.

. . . . . .

Since I returned from ———, I have enjoyed good health, with the exception of a cold which I have had for a day or two back. We are now pursuing logic proper; but have not yet reached the syllogism, which is, I believe, the most difficult part of the course; and which, if possible, I intend to master. Meantime we are among the preliminaries.

I was not called on the Milton essay as I expected, nor indeed on any since; but on Saturday had the longest examination I have yet had, and managed *all* the questions.

. . . . . .

Let me know how your preparations for the coming examination stand when you write, and believe me,

Your most attached friend,

James Paterson.

Glasgow, *3rd Feby.*, 1852.

My Dear James,

I could have said so little had I written sooner, that I felt reluctant to put pen to paper at all, and even now the sands appear as if run dry. For the last three days we have had no college work, it being the ultimate holidays—Candlemas and the Rector's holiday. These all coming together have given a little time for relaxation. I have had two long walks; one on Saturday for between three and four hours. My unaccustomed bones ached under the effects of it for the whole of next day; and even on Monday they were so sore that I was obliged considerably to contract the limits of my excursion. The jaunt has had a perceptible effect ever since I returned. I am quite fresh and hearty, while some of the students look pale and drooping, as if repining in the want of the fresh country air. I still continue my favour for the logic. It is indeed the most interesting class I have been in; and though I have considerable quaking in looking forward, especially to what is to come in the present month, yet I hope by a little diligence to wend my way comfortably through the syllogistic mazes. I suppose you are still in the midst of preparations for your approaching examination. I have little fear as to your getting

through creditably. The plan of meeting with a few fellow-students, and submitting to mutual questionings, must have a tendency, I should think, to bring the subjects before you in all their bearings, and fix them firmly in the memory. And it is a notorious fact, that wherever there is anything like competition, energy and action are excited, so that all are benefited just by the stimulus which each gives to each. I feel the effects of competition perhaps too much in the logic. Whenever there's a good question given, and I think I can answer it, I have an irresistible desire to do so. Perhaps this is carrying the thing to excess; but I do think that a little innocent striving may not be injurious, but otherwise, tending as it does to give confidence to the wavering, and to stimulate the lagging.

I am attending Nichol's course of Astronomy. He seems a fluent lecturer, mostly extempore; but I have not got very much good from him yet. He has not got the length or height of the stars. How would you like to pay a shilling per session for your materia medica or anatomy? Such is the sum Dr. Nichol requires for attendance on his course. I should think it all goes into the pocket of William Taylor.

You asked particularly about my cousin in your last. I am sorry to say that since then she has had rather a serious relapse—putting her apparently just a month back from what she had been. She seems

again to be rallying, however, and has within the last few days begun the cod liver oil. Many remarkable cures have been ascribed to its efficacy; and I trust that under it she may be again restored to health. We are all so frail, we little know what may happen to us—what disease may be sent to gnaw unconsciously at our vitals, or what death-bolt may overtake us in a moment. But this is certain, that in Jesus as a rock of defence none of these things need move us.

Yours very affectionately,

James Paterson.

ESSAYS.

ESSAYS.

TIME AND ITS VALUE.*

The subject selected for a few remarks, on the present occasion, is *Time and its Value.* The imagination of some have aptly pictured time as invested with wings, and holding in hand an hour-glass, to denote its fleeting character. "Time and tide," says the proverb, "wait for no man." In all ages of the world, time has rolled on with the same incredible rapidity. No human events, in however quick succession they may follow each other, can possibly convey to the mind an adequate idea of the speed of time. Ere the steam engine has gone over a single inch of ground, a portion of time, however small, has been added to the past.

It may be thought, that to attempt to treat of a subject so vast and fugitive were a task too exalted

* Written for Young Men's Society, March, 1850; and consequently before he had reached his sixteenth year.

for juvenile powers. But our object, at present, is not to trace the history or course of time, which has been so well done by the poet. Nor do we adopt the term in its largest acceptation, as embracing the history of our world, but in its more restricted sense as applied to human life. Neither are we going to speak of the different stages thereof—childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. We confine our remarks to the second of these stages, and will attempt to make a few observations on the value of time in youth.

The season of youth is brief, very brief. Comprised within the compass of a very few short years, it may be compared to a "vapour which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The youth who, erewhile, with childish eagerness, engaged in all the sports which occupy our earliest years, will, ere many moons revolve, have entered on the third stage, the manhood of his existence. So short is the season of youth; so swift the wings of time!

But brief though this period of our existence is, in the view of what is to be done it is exceedingly precious. The fabric of our own destiny hangs, in a great measure, on our improvement or neglect of the opportunities of youth. The prospects and occupations of young men may differ much; but the husbanding and improvement of time is a duty common to them all. It is the duty of all

to fit their minds for thinking aright, for reading, so as to be benefited, for acquiring varied useful information, and for securing habits of attention, reflection, and action. The inferior tribes are urged on by instinct. The laws which guide them are perfect *at once.* The bird builds her nest as perfectly the first time as she does the last. Not so with man. The human architect reaches perfection in his art through slow and laborious processes. He must be educated, and his powers of thinking and acting must be *gradually* developed. To fit him for a proper sphere of action and usefulness, a system of previous training is necessary. To prepare for the harvest expected to be reaped, good seed must be sown at the proper time. That time is youth. The direction of the twig marks that of the future tree. And the direction given to the dispositions and tastes in youth will, in every probability, give the stamp to the character of the future man.

We have said that the time of youth is precious. It is so for various reasons. Its very brevity indicates its preciousness. The shorter time a man has for performing an important piece of business, the greater is his anxiety that it should be instantly begun and ardently prosecuted. Such, we might reasonably expect, would be the feeling of those in the springtime of life. That life is short and uncertain is often whispered in our ears, but procrastination with

thievish step steals in and robs us of half our precious treasure. "Procrastination," says the poet, "is the thief of time."

> "Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
> And to the mercies of a moment leave
> The vast concerns of an eternal state."

Delay follows delay; and reaching manhood, as it were unawares, they are called to take their station in society, and to be judged according to the character and attainments they may possess.

There is another evil which follows upon the neglect of the opportunities of youth. We not only thereby deprive ourselves of the knowledge which otherwise we might possess, but habits of idleness and inactivity are formed, and never in after years can the mind be so tutored to study as had the opportunities of youth been improved. The time of youth, then, because it is short, is precious. And how important is it, since so much depends upon it, that it be rightly improved! And we need scarcely add here, that as it is brief, so is it uncertain.

The limit of man's life is threescore years and ten. How few, however, reach the limit! How many are cut down in the midst of their days, and how many in the morning of their existence! No stage of human life is free from the encroachments of death. We quote the words of Cowper—

"Life a field of battle is,
Thousands fall within our view,
And the next death-bolt that flies,
May be sent to me or you."

Youth is precious, because it is in various respects a seed-time. It is emphatically *the* time for sowing; and true it is, that "what a man sows that shall he also reap," whether in kind or in measure; and whether in relation to this world or the next. If he sow idleness and dissipation, he will reap the same. If he sow industry, integrity, and truth, he will reap a corresponding reward in after-life.

It may be asked, what are the duties that are required of youth? These are various; but we can only at present glance at a few of them. As idleness is a curse, and industry and usefulness a blessing, it is expected of all that they make choice of some profession. This choice is expected to be made in youth. And how important the choice, both as regards the well-being of the individual and of society, guided, as he must be, by his own views, wishes, circumstances, and providence, in fixing his profession! This is often a trying and difficult duty to perform, as it is one deeply important. But not only must he fix on some course of usefulness, but he must prepare with diligence for the right discharge of the duties of that calling. Not that we advocate that the future merchant is to have his mind wholly occupied with questions of

pounds, shillings, and pence, although his education in this direction should be somewhat thorough. It ought to be the aim of every one, whatever his profession or station, to have his mind well cultivated, and his memory well stored with useful knowledge. He should love knowledge and truth for their own sakes. And, besides this, it should be his aim to be a useful and intelligent citizen, and, as far as he can, to be a benefactor of his race. In order to this, he should make himself well acquainted with the ordinary branches of human learning.

History, for example, teaching us wisdom from the past, and the biography of eminent individuals, setting life before us in some of its most important aspects, form an improving kind of reading.

Languages, too, in their own place, constitute a useful study.

Science, such as mathematics, chemistry, geography, natural history, and geology, tend to strengthen and expand the intellect.

The fine arts, also, such as poetry, painting, and music, tend much to enliven and refine the mind. Who can rise from the perusal of the sublime conceptions of a Milton, the classical beauties of a Campbell, or the elegant delineations of a pious Cowper, without being both pleased and profited? The soul attuned to truth, beauty, and harmony, is open to the master strokes of genius, whether presented to the eye, or

the ear, or the imagination; and poetry, music, and painting, all speak one language, at once coming from and addressed to the depths of the soul.

The current literature of the day may not be unnoticed by him, in order to ascertain its true character, its tendency and merits, and who may be the living heroes in this field, as well as who the most distinguished in past ages. He may not be able to grapple at first with the learned articles of the "Edinburgh Review," the great ornament of which has recently passed from the stage of time. But he may peruse with interest and profit the smaller, yet excellent literary pages of "Hogg's Christian Instructor." One thing here remains: he must be prepared to act his part as a citizen. Politics, therefore, must occupy a little of his attention. He must become acquainted with the form of government under which he lives, as also with the great leading statesmen of the day, and now and then turn his eyes to the high places of legislation to see how the prime minister is steering the vessel of the state, and be gradually making up his mind on important public questions; acting on the principle — "*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*" —I am a man, and I regard nothing human as foreign to me.

It is not now out of place to allude to another and a more important choice which ought to be

made in youth. The subject would be incomplete were it overlooked. Man is a being destined for immortality. He leaves the stage of time to enter the circle of eternity; continually increasing, as eternity's vast wheel rolls on, in happiness and excellence, or in wretchedness and misery. Man has the choice of his destiny. How important that the choice be made, and the right course entered on, ere the character has been formed, and evil habits acquired! Let a new heaven-born principle be implanted in the soul, and it will germinate and increase for ever; and let us apply our minds to the highest wisdom, in humble dependence on higher aids and influences than this world can furnish.

"Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into this plan,
To-morrow rends away.

"Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

"But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost."

March, 1850.

PERSONAL USEFULNESS—ITS REQUISITES AND MOTIVES.*

To such a question as the following: How is man to be accounted of? it is important that we be able to give an intelligent answer. Few, we believe, will adopt the sentiment, once uttered by Lord Brougham in our own city, viz., "Man *is* but what he knows;" in other words, man is to be regarded as rising in the scale of being according to the extent of his knowledge, and as descending in proportion to his want of knowledge. Much as we value knowledge, the idea of giving it such a place, holding it superior to goodness and usefulness in the individual, cannot for a moment be entertained. What! Is it come to this, that every man is to be accounted of and esteemed merely, or even mainly, according to the extent and profundity of his knowledge? Then must we respect most highly the man who, possessed of gigantic powers and vast attainments, hoards up these treasures, it may be, in his own bosom, or, still worse, miserably misapplies them, and reserve but feeble praise for

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those lesser lights, which, shedding forth blessings in their course through life, benignantly shine on the path of humanity, guiding our steps to "glory, honour, and immortality." Knowledge is, as we may afterwards see, important as a means, but not as the *summum bonum*, or highest good.

It is unnecessary to bespeak your attention to the subject of our essay. It speaks for itself. How may we best fulfil the end for which we are created? It is an inquiry deserving the most earnest and minute investigation. It is one, too, congenial to the objects of such a meeting as this, having personal and social improvement professedly in view. We may well feel our inability to do justice to the topic. An essay, however, means only an attempt, and we may not be deterred from making the trial by a consciousness of our own incompetency. It is only by repeated essays, or attempts, that we can ultimately succeed in anything, and this especially holds in all inquiries after Truth. In turning attention to this subject, then, we shall endeavour to explain,

1*st*, What we understand by personal usefulness; and,

2*nd*, Point out some of its requisites and motives.

I. *What is personal usefulness?*

In order that we may arrive at the meaning of the term, let us glance for a moment at the

position in which the human family have been placed by the all-wise Creator. Everything that *is* is intended to serve some purpose. Can we look above us, and behold the majestic orb of day, and imagine that he exists in vain? We feel his influence, and we know that he sheds his cheering and enkindling rays on other worlds besides our own. Can we look around us, and say that this earth exists for nought? Why do so many created beings inhabit its surface? Why do the air and sea teem with their varied forms of life? It is all for man. What a being, then, must man be, and what a high end must he be intended to serve!

Created originally in the likeness of his God, he was designed to reflect it; and now, though fallen, there remains the possibility, nay, the hope of restoration, with all the duties rising out of it. And not only with regard to himself, but with regard to his fellow-men also, has man a mission to perform. He stands not solitary and independent on this globe. On every side he finds links binding him to humanity. He cannot move without feeling that he is united to his fellows by the strongest ties. He is surrounded by relationships. He stands connected with his God, so as to have the highest inducements to obedience and love—with his kindred, by the bonds of consanguinity and natural affection — with friends, by the development of the

social principle inherent in his nature—and with his fellow-men in general, by the powers, and sympathies, and faculties of mind which distinguish him from the beasts that perish. Such are man's relationships; and, in general, *usefulness* denotes a doing justice to them all.

But there is a high and noble sense in which the term is employed. It is in using his efforts for the weal of the immortal soul that any one becomes useful in the best sense. In this view, what a field for exertion opens before us! There is the sad spectacle of a world for the most part "lying in wickedness." Thousands are day by day descending to that place "from whose bourne no traveller returns," driven away in their wickedness, or taken "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." And to think that these beings are immortal, never ceasing to exist—eternity's vast wheel for ever revolving, and they with it, increasing in happiness and bliss, or in wretchedness and woe. No human eye can pierce the dark curtain of the grave—no human hand can be stretched out to aid there.

In general, are not the sympathies of our nature evoked when those with whom we are connected are, by sudden accident, plunged into the depths of suffering or calamity; and should they happen to be united to us by the ties of kindred or friendship, then the keener and deeper are our sympathetic

feelings, and the stronger our desire to administer to their relief.

But we may be engaged in a nobler work even than this, viz., endeavouring to better the condition of our fellow-men in want, in ignorance, and misery. There rankles in the breast of man the germ of a disease more deadly than the most virulent of earthly plagues. The heart is naturally averse to all that is holy and good. To put forth endeavours for its amelioration is a work worthy the loftiest intellect and most devoted earnestness. Man has a spirit, and the highest direction of usefulness is when, penetrating the exterior, it regards the wants of the soul, and seeks eagerly its good.

From these remarks it will be seen what we understand by personal usefulness. It is, in our own individual sphere, fulfilling the great end of our existence on the earth, in every relation of life, and all under the eye, and in obedience to the command of Him who made us, who rules us, and who will judge us. And if the end of all creation be usefulness, how high and sacred is our individual mission!

We depreciate not the varied forms in which men have been useful to their fellows, such as discoveries in the arts and sciences. We depreciate not the achievements of an Aristotle and a Bacon, mapping clearly to reason's eye and to all time the double

method of the reasoning process, by which we are led to sure and incontrovertible truth. We depreciate not the track in which the genius of a Sir Isaac Newton shone with such starry lustre. We under-rate not the more practical inventions of a Watt and a Bell. We love nature's faithful imitations in the varied arts, that tend to refine and humanise the species. We have no feeble praise for the devoted patriotism of a Hampden and a Washington, who bled nobly on the field of conflict. The high services of the enlightened statesman are not to be lightly esteemed, in guiding the destinies of a nation. And we are charmed with the pure and irrepressible benevolence of the devoted Howard in penetrating, at risk of life, the abodes of human wretchedness, and alleviating and warding off calamity. But we must ever regard those as the *noblest* benefactors, who take human beings home to their embrace in their indestructible interests, and who labour for the attainment of their highest good; and this, not only professionally, but individually. And no one can be affirmed to be really useful, in the highest sense, in any case, wherein these depths of human wretchedness—the spiritual depths—have not been explored.

II. *The requisites and motives to personal usefulness.*

Usefulness, as we have seen, admits not only of degrees, but of variety. There are varied walks of

usefulness. Whatever our sphere may be, it is our duty to feel that we are there to fulfil the universal law of creation, namely,—to be useful. And we are so, just as we perform aright all relative duty, under the influence of love to God and love to man. We may be said to be useful passively when we bear the image of our maker, and when the soul within is holy and beautiful. We are useful indirectly when we follow out the calling we have chosen, showing a pattern of humble and devoted industry. We are actively useful when, under the influence of benevolence or Christian principle, we interpose our services to relieve the indigent and miserable. And we are useful in the highest sense when the soul and its interests are our chief concern.

Thus it will be seen that the first great essential requisite is personal piety. This cannot be dispensed with, in forming a right view of personal usefulness, The connection between being good and doing good, in a worthy sense, is inseparable; and wherever a distinguished place has been reached in the walks of christian benevolence, the foundation will be found in personal devotedness. A personal change of heart is needed for safe living and dying; and it is needed as the motive-spring to continuous labour and self-devotedness in doing good. We mean not to affirm that no one has ever proved useful, even in the highest sense, without personal religion. The act

may be overruled for good, while love to God, or the right motive, may be awanting, for

> "He moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform."

And "he makes even the wrath of man to praise him." But all, in such a case, is uncertainty—nothing to be trusted; for no one can seek with eagerness that others should be relieved of a burden which they regard and treat as imaginary; nor that those should be brought to life whom they do not believe to be dead, and who themselves have never been quickened from spiritual torpor and death.

The truth of this important connection between personal piety and signal usefulness might be easily proved and illustrated. Look at the illustrious Chalmers, who ran a high and brilliant career, which has rarely been surpassed. When and where was it that his career of usefulness commenced? It was not when, at St. Andrew's, he began his public course with all the ardour of his powerful mind, and threw the lights of his imagination around the science which he loved and taught, remote though it be from all the flowers of poesy. It was not even when he opened his lips to publish good tidings to men; nor even when he was set apart at Kilmany to the work of the holy ministry. According to his own showing, personal religion was all this time awanting. It

was when sickness came, and self-scrutiny and grace came, and with grace, heaven-born light and heaven-born love — that his spiritual bonds were broken—that he arose as a noble soldier of the cross, having inhaled in his conversion the pure and holy atmosphere of Christian philanthropy and love.

Turn to Luther, that bold and intrepid reformer. See him in the monastery at Erfurt submitting to the severest penances and most degrading humiliations. Think of him poring over the pages of a Bible, chained in that monastery, lest the light should be published beyond its walls. Light from above shines on that hitherto darkened mind. The Bible, by the grace of God, is taken into his heart, and the lines of truth are deeply engraven on his soul. Then and there it was that the spirit of true usefulness was evoked; and then it began to burn with resistless ardour in his soul. He now went forth like an angel of power and mercy, and proclaimed "deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison to those that were bound." Though persecuted on every side, and threatened with the dungeon and death, he held on his adventurous way, till the very Popedom quaked under his reiterated strokes. When summoned before his persecutors he nobly stood the day of trial. "I have learned from the fountain—I can do no other-

wise, so help me God," witnessed this great and good man.

And, not to multiply examples, think of the great apostle of the Gentiles. What was the turning point in his personal history and personal usefulness? The germ of it was found on the way to Damascus, and associated therewith: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and, "Behold he prayeth." Such was the turning point in the history of Paul, and the commencement of that marvellous and eminently useful career, at the termination of which he could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Yet we may not forget that this beginning of days and usefulness is the concern of youth—is the concern of all. *Now*, *not to-morrow*, is the watchword of Scripture.

While, however, piety is the great essential here, and worthy of full illustration, yet there are other considerations that cannot fail to increase and enhance the ability to be useful; such as the possession of talents, wealth, knowledge, &c. We have all been gifted by the God of nature, with talents varying in character and degree. It is ours assiduously to cultivate and improve them according to our opportunities. These, like the steward mentioned in the parable, we are not to bury in the earth, but must put out to profitable use, so that they may be well

accounted for at the coming of the master; and their highest use is that which issues in the immortal weal of man. We are not accountable for the original gift, but we *are* responsible for its improvement; and a well-cultivated mind cannot fail to enhance the ability to be useful among our fellow-men. The possession of knowledge, too, tends greatly to strengthen the ability of being useful. Man has naturally a thirst for knowledge. He no sooner begins to think than he desires to know. Knowledge is to be coveted for its own sake; but it is in its application that man becomes wise and useful. "Knowledge is power"—varied power—physical, mental, and spiritual. It is diversified in its sources as well as in its kinds and degrees. Observation, experience, reflection, and books are some of these sources. It should be the endeavour of every one that his knowledge, while it is varied in kind, should also be select—that his mental aliment, while it is well digested, should be of a really bracing and useful description. We have not limits here to speak of books; but we may remark in passing, that it is the conviction of those who have read most, that there is scarcely any kind of secular reading so remunerative as select history, combining at one view, as it does, literature, varied wisdom, and providence, in attractive, living form; such, for instance, as we find in the brilliant pages of Macaulay, who is, per-

haps, the most beautiful literary and historical painter of this or of any age.

As regards motives to usefulness, we can only throw out a thought or two without illustration. It is the commanded duty of every one to be useful in his own sphere, according to his opportunity; and this should determine the question of motive. It is not optional—it is imperative—it is the highest object for which we can live—to make our light to shine, the light of knowledge, the light of truth, and, above all, the light of divine truth. We may not be remiss: it is at our peril if we are negligent or indifferent, and place that knowledge under a bushel. Angels are useful. This is *their* life, and it should be *ours*. They are "all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation." Ministering to the church, and advancing the cause of divine truth on earth, is, in the estimation of those bright intelligences, the highest form of life, the most dignified, the most blissful. It is the true way to be happy here and hereafter. The secret of happiness is in the heart. It centres in love to God and love to man, and in the opening and expanding sympathies of the soul to all that is good, and beautiful, and true, and in throbbing with responsive beat to the wants and miseries of humanity. And if even a heathen could say, opening his heart in sympathy to all around him, "I am a

man, and nothing human is alien to my regard," how much more does it become those whose torch has been lighted at the altar of divine truth, and whose hearts are warmed, or ought to be, with heaven's love, to adopt the sentiment, and seek to obtain the divine commendation—he "did what he could," and secure at last that gracious welcome, "well done," when time and its interests shall have passed away.

January, 1851.

INSTINCT.*

By which of the proposed theories can the phenomena of Instinct be most satisfactorily explained?

What faculties analagous to those in man are possessed by the inferior animals?

Men are peculiarly liable to run into extremes; and independence of intellect, in itself so desirable, has yet a tendency, when not kept within proper bounds, to warp the mind, so as to veil the truth from view, or direct it into paths that lead astray. History and philosophy furnish us with cases not a few, in which, when the error of one course has been clearly disclosed, straightway some other has been adopted and pursued, with the same fearless steps, to its ultimate results. But truth is rarely to be found in extremes of any sort; and that is equally a *false* philosophy which, with the phantom of refined analysis always before it, would reduce all things to a paucity of elements, that to the unprejudiced mind must indeed appear meagre and unlikely, with

* Written for the Moral Philosophy Class, November, 1852.

that which, with little or no refinement or generalisation at all, would present as its creed, a mere collation of facts, or bundle of hypotheses. In no class of theories has the tendency alluded to been more fruitful of error, than those which have reference to the human mind. Nor, were it here our object, would it be difficult to account for the phenomenon, or to produce instances in which it is manifest.

We do not doubt that theories regarding instinct which arose out of Locke's denial of innate ideas on the one hand, and those which took their rise from the views of Dr. Hutcheson on the other, will suggest themselves in illustration. And, while we admit that man, in common with the irrational animals, is possessed of instincts, we cannot but reject the doctrine which explains every phenomenon of mind, by supposing a separate instinct to account for its production. Admitting, then, that man is influenced by instinct, as one spring of action, we go with more interest to the inquiry of what this principle is, and what theory best accounts for its phenomena. These phenomena are, confessedly, amongst the most curious and wonderful in the natural world. All are more or less attracted by the singularity of the appearances presented to our consideration. And yet, most content themselves with noting the mere facts, without any attempt to penetrate into the causes which gave them birth. Comparatively few are arrested by any desire

to account for the strange and remarkable phenomena, or seek to discover the laws to which they are referable. Are these facts to be referred to some law in the physical, or are they rather to be traced to some law in the mental world? If to the latter, in what form does the mental operate? Is it the effect of a living principle implanted in the agent; or is the living creature a mere piece of animal mechanism, acting as it is acted upon by a direct influence foreign to itself? These, and questions akin to these, so obvious and striking, are but seldom referred to, and have received even from naturalists and philosophers much less attention than those pertaining to the mere phenomena. It must be admitted, however, that they are questions that are fitted not a little to perplex, and to which it is by no means easy to give a satisfactory reply.

According to its derivation from the Greek word στιζειν to prick (pungere), the term instinct denotes an impulse from within. Originally it was employed so as to include movements that are more properly merely automatic or mechanical, embracing, for example, the act of breathing, and the action of the heart in animals, and even including the analogous motions or changes in vegetables. There is, however, we apprehend, a real distinction between instinctive actions and those that are merely mechanical, which, if recognised, will limit the term instinctive to living

beings: it is, that instinctive actions imply spontaneity on the part of an agent, whereas the other implies no such spontaneity, nor, indeed, the principle of life at all, and is mechanism simply. Instinct has been described—and thus we distinguish it from reason —as acting without teaching, without experience, and without a knowledge of consequences; for it is blind, and accomplishes a purpose of which (at least so far as investigation and analogy would lead us to believe) the animal is wholly ignorant. That instincts arise not from instruction or experience is evident from many facts which might be adduced. Chickens, for example, hatched in an oven, act in precisely the same way as those reared by the hen. The young colony of bees set to work just as their progenitors did ten centuries ago; nor can we conceive of their parents teaching, in a few hours, the many thousands to do what involves the greatest mathematical accuracy, and would infer, on their part, the greatest mathematical aptitude. Dr. Reid speaks of instincts being had by "a kind of inspiration;" and the animal is inspired, not with the principles or rules of the art, but with the ability and inclination of working in it to perfection, without any knowledge of its principles, rules, or ends. Looking at instinct with reference to its final cause, it may, we think, be exhaustively defined, "The power or energy by which all organised forms are preserved in the individual, or continued

in the species." The different theories that have been advanced to account for the phenomena, here may be reduced to three classes, viz., the *physical*, the *psychical*, and the *hyperpsychical*. Let us examine—

First. The *physical* theories, or those which account for the operations of instinct by the bodily structure and organisation of the inferior animals. There are three modes of holding this view. Instinct has been regarded as simply the mechanical play of bodily organs. Such was the view of Descartes. "I have diligently inquired," says he, "whether all the motions of animals come from two principles or from only one; and as I find it clear that they arise from that principle alone which is corporeal or mechanical, I can by no means allow to them a thinking soul." And, as to cunning and sagacity, or what we should call animal intelligence, Descartes professes to explain them "by the sole conformation of the animal's limbs." Brutes, by this view, are brought to the level of mere machines; and we are left at a loss to know whether the principle of life ever manifests itself in voluntary activity at all, or even makes the animal conscious that it *is*.

But the physical theory has been held in a higher form—in that, namely, which explains instinct by irritability, or a natural capacity of experiencing a sense of want or uneasiness. This has been preferred

by some to the sensation theory, because instincts are found to be very numerous in animals, (chiefly insects), that are totally destitute of the usual organs of sensation. "The life," it is said, "is the law according to which the phenomena of pure instinct are developed." A step still higher here conducts us to the sensation theory, held by Kirkby, Bushnan, and others. According to it, "Instinctive actions have their source, each in some uneasy sensation, arising from a specific irritation, and urging animals to take the only proper means of getting rid of it." This view may be regarded as simple, and most in accordance with our preconceived opinions; and yet it seems to us to be surrounded by peculiar and somewhat inexplicable difficulties. Can it possibly be made to account for all the phenomena? And, if so, are not the assumptions by which it is made to account for them, gratuitous or unlikely? How would sensations or pulses upon the brain and nervous system explain the phenomena of the bees, plying their busy trade, in constructing a new and beauteous whole, formed to the most perfect ideal model; or the instinct of the solitary wasp, in depositing her egg in a hole in the earth, and by it a collection of grubs on which she herself never feeds, but on which the waspworm, after emerging from the shell, subsists, till ready to fly off and seek its own sustenance from herbs and flowers? Were the facts of a mere

commonplace description few in number, and presenting little or no variety, this hypothesis would present less difficulty. But the very opposite of all this is the truth; and if sensations account for the facts, they must needs be endlessly diversified.

Again, some of the phenomena are astonishing in their mental aspect, and present a striking as well as pleasing diversity. Coleridge spoke of instinct as the "power of selecting and adapting means to a proximate end." Nothing is more obvious than that which we call mind is directly implied. Indeed, the striking peculiarity of instinct is not the physical but the mental peculiarity — a peculiarity which presents a double aspect, as brought out in the definition. There is an end or design of operation most wise and beneficent, and then there are the fittest means employed to gain that end. How else could we define consummate *wisdom*, but "employing the best means to gain the best end?" Instinct, then, is a species of consummate wisdom; but this implies mental attributes, not only of a real, but of no common order. And so is it if we turn to some of the more remarkable of the phenomena in question, such as the labour of the bee, of the solitary wasp, or of the ant, or the beaver building his cabin in the woods, or of the bird after its kind, building her nest with such perfect precision and skill, in which to deposit her egg and rear her young. To say that operations

like these, bearing the impress of such remarkable and nice intelligence, can be resolved into some aspect of the physical, such as animal mechanism, irritability, or sensation, seems a confounding of things essentially distinct, a converting of mind into matter, and matter into mind at will.

Psychical Theory. Those who favour the psychical theory in regard to instinct, refer the phenomena to powers of mind in the lower animals analogous to those of understanding and reason in man. Some writers, indeed, would break down the barrier of mere analogy altogether, and regard the brutes as endowed with powers of reasoning which are not different in kind from the human, but employed with fewer ideas. Such was the view propounded in Dr. Darwin's "Zoonomia," his answer to which first brought Dr. Thomas Brown into notice. In contradistinction to the view taken by Darwin is that of Mr. Smellie, who, instead of tracing instincts to reason, maintained that reason itself is a mere bundle of instincts. But the facts which have been ascertained and authenticated on this subject, go entirely to set aside, we think, the opinion of Mr. Smellie, and to mark the original and essential difference between these powers. For example, facts tell us that the insect and bird do, without instruction and experience, what man could only do by long training and experience; that they

work to an end of which they are ignorant; and without definitely aiming at anything, they yet produce that which is precise, and, we might say, perfect in kind. How different from men, who, acting knowingly and of design, yet at best act only well! The volition in the lower animals is blind volition. They will not the end, nor are they intelligently conscious of the means. They are blind actors in this sense, although they act perfectly. Now, if instinct be *blind* volition—a design without a designer (as regards the agent), then in instinct you have not intelligence, and intelligence cannot therefore explain it. We are not here denying intelligence to the lower animals, or faculties analogous to those pertaining to the human. What we affirm is, that instinct is ignorant alike of means and ends; while it belongs to the very nature of intelligence to be conversant with both. And if it were intelligence in some form, it would cease to be instinct.

Next, we have the *hyperpsychical* theories, which explain the phenomena by regarding them as the results of an intelligence different from the human, which emanates upon the inferior animals from the Supreme Being. This doctrine may be perverted, and was held in very absurd form, as we think, by some of the scholastics. But when we consider that, in some shape, it was the matured opinion of so close a student of nature as Sir Isaac Newton, we are constrained to

give it attention. He finds the explanation of the phenomena in "the continual and universal presence of a living intelligent Spirit." The Deity himself is the *primum mobile.* He is not represented as the soul of brutes, for Newton does not refuse the brutes mind; but only as present, "governing and guiding, by his prevailing power and will." He would not deny that the brutes act from some thinking principle different from the strictly material, but they act towards an end with reference to which they have no knowledge or design.

Brutes may come to a knowledge of inferior ends; but the ultimate end is that which manifests design, and is, in truth, sufficient for the two great purposes of instinct — the preservation of individuals and the continuance of the kind. The solitary wasp, for example, intends to deposit her eggs and the caterpillars in the earth, and she knows that she does so; but there is a further knowledge and a grand design of which the creature is altogether ignorant. Have we not here "a spectacle, where the Supreme Artist is hid behind the curtain?" Here is mind at work which is not in the animal; knowledge of means and ends which is perfect; an agent performing what is most useful and important, when the immediate aim was of no account, and entirely subordinate.

What shall we say then? We allow all the original adaptation of the physical frame to the objects of the

various instincts, but, withal, would seek a link of connection with an adequate power. May there not be some hidden special law that looks to the presiding Divine intelligence? We own the Divine ubiquity. He is everywhere present in His power and in His wisdom. We live in Him, and have our being. How, then, may there not be a closer link, as regards that wisdom, between these irrationals, than with human beings? He may act on the physical thus nearly, and yet according to some uniform law that is hid. We cannot divest ourselves of the opinion expressed by the poet, that, in instinct, it is more immediately God that acts, and we would ask with him, in words that suggest their own answer—

> "Who made the spider parallels design,
> Sure as Demoivre, without rule or line?
> Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore
> Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
> Who calls the council, states the certain day?
> Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?"

On the *Second* head of inquiry our limits call on us to be brief.

As regard the traces of intelligence found among the lower tribes, these have been often exaggerated to excite wonder; while, on the other hand, in the endeavour to account for them, there has sometimes been displayed an unnecessary jealousy or prejudice,

lest we should seem to narrow the line of separation between man and the lower animals. But this line of separation is so marked and broad that we need be under no apprehension on this head. Here we can point not only to reason but to conscience, and the religious capacity in man, as his high and distinguishing attributes, placing him far apart from the most sagacious of the other tribes. But while it is so, no one can refuse that among the lower animals there are found mental faculties, which, although not identical in kind, as some think, are yet very similar; nay, so like as scarcely to be distinguishable. What are these? Sensation has sometimes been called a faculty, although it is merely the result of an impression on some bodily organ communicated to the brain, the seat of thought or percipient mind, and is the condition of our first mental movements. And if this be a prior condition of the percipient, we must often have observed that the lower animals have it in a superior degree. The senses of smell, sight, and hearing, are often possessed by them in a remarkable manner. But beyond these acute sensations, there is found also the percipient mind, or the conscious cognitive of the external; and along with the conscious cognitive, there are corresponding feelings of fear, anger, affection—feelings that can only spring from a thinking, conscious substance. A dog, for example, not only feels but knows when

he is in the chain, or scampering by his master's side, and gives the most unequivocal signs of that knowledge, as well as decided proof of varied sagacity, that cannot be brought under the head of mere instinct.

Some allege that these inferior tribes cannot rise above the power or act of simply perceiving some object presented to their senses; but, although generally held, we question if this be a correct view. It is quite certain, we allow, that they have no reasoning power—no power to compare two objects or ideas, so as to judge of their agreement or otherwise. But we are not prepared to coincide with the opinion, that they have no capacity to abstract one idea or object from another. We think, on the contrary, that they have the power of abstraction, although not of generalisation leading to abstract ideas. This power they may possess in a very inferior degree, yet this inferiority of power does not argue the entire destitution of it. If the horse can identify and select his stall out of many, and the dog recognise his master in a crowd, this surely evinces not only intelligence, but a power of comparing and electing one object rather than another. Nothing strictly physical can explain this. Besides sensation and perception, therefore, we are inclined to the notion that they have also the power of abstraction in a very inferior degree—just as we find among

the untutored tribes of the wilderness, whose thoughts and aspirations scarcely rise above these.

This leads us to observe that brutes are possessed of memory, and many of them in a wonderful degree. The "memory of the horse" is proverbial, where a single incident on a road or some bye-path, is remembered for years after coming under the observation of the animal — the law of contiguity seeming vividly to call up the past. In this view we see not that it differs from human, except in accuracy and vividness. There is, however, another aspect of this power, usually called recollection, that they do not possess. If memory acts with them at all, it is immediate. They have no power, by an act of will, to recall what may have happened. The attempt, so far as we know, is never made by them. It belongs to man to fall back upon the laws of association; and, by an effort of attention and will, to bring forth anon, what was for the moment lost to the treasures of memory. The only law of association which the lower animals own, seems to be that of nearness of person or place. Memory, then, in the sense explained, they have; recollection, or imagination, they have not.

Our conclusion therefore is, that while the lower animals have intelligence in the forms we have attempted to indicate, these forms are few in number and limited in degree. But we are not prepared to

say that that intelligence, so far as it goes, differs in kind, as many have supposed. There is no necessity or call for such an allegation, as there does not seem to be any sufficient ground for it. If the distinctive attributes, reason, conscience, religion, be kept in view as the high prerogative of the human soul, it cannot be said that we tread on incautious ground in saying that the mental faculties of these inferior tribes, although limited in degree, yet seem not to differ in kind or quality from those in man.

JACOBUS PATERSON, *Minor.*

26*th November*, 1852.

MILITARY GENIUS.*

The subject on which we are now to make a few observations is "Military Genius"—one interesting in itself as well as seasonable and appropriate at the present moment. A great military chief has recently been taken from us, and passed away amid the grief and benedictions of his country, having a world-wide reputation as the hero of a hundred fights. Now that the agitation is subsiding, and the nation has spoken out on the merits of the departed, it may be well for us, in this connection, calmly and deliberately to fall back, without prejudice or prepossession, and to examine this subject in its primary elements, so as to have some clear and just notions regarding it, really as well as relatively. In this view, such questions as these will fall to be answered: *What is genius? What are some of the different orders of genius? And what place among these orders are we to assign to the military?*

Following this train of thought, our first question is, *What is genius?* It is a term oft quoted, and

* Prepared for Montrose Street Young Men's Society, November, 1852.

usually quoted only to be misapplied. Many appear to think genius inseparable from certain eccentricities in its possessor. And hence it not seldom happens, not only that this is looked for as an inseparable accompaniment, but that the existence of the eccentricity is regarded as the seal and pledge of the genius. Such at least seem to be the views of the perspicacious youths who, in the heat of their aspirations, scruple not to adopt the awkward gait or meditative look of their most admired model. How many Candlishes has the Free Church! How many Wilsons has the Edinburgh College produced! Some, indeed, have thought that the eccentricities of genius should be "*sui generis*," and acting out the theory, have made it their business to hit on something in manner or in conduct decidedly out of the common. In society it may lead such to an entire disregard of all the ordinary rules of politeness, minute attention to these betraying, in their estimate, a flippancy of character quite inconsistent with their breadth of soul.

But passing this, many seem to regard genius as synonymous with *talent;* and, accordingly, in common phrase, he who is decidedly superior in anything is usually said to have a genius for it. Now, it seems to us that there is a lowering of the term here. It is not used in its proper or full stretch of meaning. There is an important element awanting. Men of genius are,

no doubt, usually men of talent, but not conversely; and many a work may be said to be talented that could not, but by the abuse of words, be said to display genius. Indeed, it could only be by a kind of colloquial sanction that, in this respect, the word should ever have been so much misapplied. Genius, we think, necessarily includes the element of creative power—creative, that is, in the sense in which we speak of creative imagination—combining existing materials into new and wondrous forms, as when Milton created his "Eden" and his "Pandemonium." Mere talent, as we understand it, consists in a superior mental penetration, which may or may not be united to a sound judgment, and is very much an acquired power.

Genius, on the other hand, goes beyond this, and consists, as appears to us, of a happy and rare union of various faculties, born with us, not acquired. "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*" It especially claims kindred with imagination, which, going out on strong and exultant wing, ranges from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth, not only penetrating into the depths, as if by intuition, but forming new ideal worlds out of things that do appear. In this sense it is beautifully creative, but only in this sense. In the strict sense God alone is creative. The difference betwixt the human and Divine may be easily illustrated. Take, for example, a flower—the emblem of beauty—with

its mixed lovely tints. That originally was a creation: it is an expressed idea originally existing in the mind of the Uncreated. It has been well said that "Ideas rule the universe." All we see is the product as well as the emblem of thought, all primarily taking their rise from Him in whom all ideas centre, and who is Himself the very perfection of beauty, natural as well as spiritual. This is creative genius in the highest and strictest sense. The human, again, which may have been quickened with the kindred ethereal fire, cannot add a new flower to the garden of beauty; but it can, like the industrious bee, with rapid wing pass from flower to flower, and gather material from each, with which, with matchless skill, to construct a new and beauteous whole, which at once surprises and delights us. In this sense the man of genius is a glorious combiner out of things already existing, whether appertaining to the material or spiritual. So much, then, for what we understand by genius.

And what now, it may be asked, are some of the different orders of genius? That there are different orders requires no proof, although it may be somewhat difficult precisely to point out what they have all in common, and, at the same time, their specific differences. All seem to agree in this, as has been said, that their possessors are naturally gifted with a peculiar and rare combination of faculties, holding that

there is no new element introduced into our mental being. Yet differences there may be, and differences there are, in the marked bias, inclination, or prominence of some one capability over another.

It may not be easy to give a classification of these orders that would be adequate and distinct. The following, however, will serve our present purpose, viz., philosophic, poetic, oratorical, and scientific.

By *philosophic* genius, we mean a peculiar innate aptitude that irresistibly propels inquiry regarding the laws and operations of the human mind. Such was Kant among the Germans; and coming nearer home, we find fit representatives of this order in John Locke and Thomas Reid.

By *poetic* genius, we understand that soul-stirring impulse which goes out on imagination's wing and revels in the world of beauty, being to the true poet "a joy for ever." At the same time, there is in this order a marvellous diversity of type.

As to the *oratorical* order, it seems to consist in that kindled and kindling enthusiasm which, in its highest form, claims empire over the passions and wills of men, revealing itself in rapid, flaming ratiocination, and lightning glances, that storm at once the intellect and the heart. Take, as representatives of this order among the ancients, Demosthenes and Cicero. The former "wielding at will the fierce democracy" of Greece—the furor or rage of whose eloquence all

but maddened the spirits of his countrymen, and nerved the arm that struck the triumphant blow at Marathon and Thermopylæ: the latter exhibiting an almost perfect mastery over every form of the oratorical art. Among the moderns we have Chatham, coming nearer to the great Grecian model than perhaps any other orator that England has produced. The reign of George III. was peculiarly prolific of this order of genius, which has led Campbell to point to them as "England's gigantic race of men." Yet none of them could match the fulminations of a Chatham's genius. His illustrious son, William Pitt —who came upon the stage of public affairs a mere youth, at once, as if by instinct and with one bound, entering on the highest walks of eloquence—is yet not to be held equal to his renowned sire in the impassioned energy of lofty declamation. Fox, again, though inferior in some respects to his great rival, Pitt, was, nevertheless, as we think, his superior in brilliance and true genius, yet still falling short of the intense magical force of Chatham or Demosthenes, who literally awed intellects of the highest order into submission by the storm of their eloquent invective.

Next, according to our classification, comes to be noted *scientific* genius, which we distinguish from the philosophic in this, that it has *matter*—rather than mind—as its object, embracing what are usually designated the exact sciences; and including such

forms as chemical, medical, astronomical, geological, and mechanical. We have placed the scientific last in order, inasmuch as we think that the military must rank with it rather than with any of the others. We conceive that it is very much akin to the last here mentioned, viz., mechanical. For what, it may be asked, is the peculiar office of the mechanician? Is it not to discover the energy and forces of the material world, which are so endlessly varied? He has specially to do, so to speak, with the activities of matter, and with the resultants of these activities. And this is precisely the province of the warrior chief; so that his genius, whatever it may be, is certainly akin to the mechanical. The subject matter on which he operates is physical force—the laws and forces of the physical as drawn up in battle array. No doubt, there is the magic of mental influence and control, more potent in the dread hour of combat than the war song; but still, the peculiar sphere in which the soul of the warrior ranges is among the motions and counter-motions of human bodies. The military genius scans with intensest scrutiny the resources of his foe, in the ideal as well as in the actual; he marks in campaign his strongholds and unguarded places; he surmounts the obstacles of nature, and leads his armies over mountains and floods; he guesses at the councils of his enemy,

and aims to forestall them; in battle he looks on with calm fortitude, yet alert anxiety; and as he marks the movements of the encountering hosts, seeks to take advantage of every favourable opportunity, of every false position. His eye in such circumstances had needs be clear, and his intellect unclouded. Like Napoleon—in war so "bold, original, creative" —he behoves to display a capacity of estimating accurately stupendous relations, and to put forth an energy equal to his estimates and aims. To such an one, who shall deny the appellation of genius? Genius there is, bold, calculating, energetic. But now the question recurs which we started at the outset, viz:—

As there are gradations of genius, both in kind and degree, *What rank does the military hold among the different orders?* You easily anticipate the answer; for who would for a moment compare the sublime creations of a Milton with the earth-born machinations of a Bonaparte? Sublime indeed are the creations of Milton, as he ranges with daring wing through the abysses of the nether world, and anon rises in high careering flight, and, passing far beyond the "visible diurnal sphere," conducts to the regions of immortality, where, standing erect on the crystal battlements, his eye in a "fine frenzy rolling," he sees the myriad

hosts of flaming cherubim doing homage to heaven's King, and "hears a voice, loud as from numbers without number, sweet as from blest spirits uttering joy, while the vaults of heaven ring jubilee, and loud hosannas fill the eternal regions." No one can compare with such lofty creations the conquests of a Cæsar, or the achievements of a Napoleon, acting as they did on the grosser materials of earth, and occupied as they were with the lower passions and activities of man. As the ethereal transcends, in beauty and interest, the material and the physical, so does the genius that claims kindred with the former transcend in dignity and beauty the genius that claims kindred with the latter. Hence it too frequently happens that the Prince in War has little or no sympathy with things great and high, and often occupies a very subordinate place for counsel and capacity in times of peace.

True it is that to this there are exceptions, and these we are called to note; for, not unfrequently, more than one type of genius will be found in the same individual. As, for example, a Plato, who possessed the sublime aspirations of a Milton, together with the philosophy of a Bacon; or a Cæsar, who was great in the state, and great in letters, as well as in the field. Nor need we turn to Greece or Rome for examples of this. The illustrious

departed Wellington, the pageantry of whose funeral obsequies has yet to be displayed to view, certainly exemplified a rare and varied combination of power. Great unquestionably he was in the science and art of war, as his brilliant successes testify; but as truly was he great in council, and in the administration of civil affairs, as he was greater still and greater far in his unbending integrity and unvarying self-devotedness to the interests of his country. As a man, as a statesman, and as a hero, the name of Wellington will go down to distant ages, crowned with a garland of unsullied fame and undying renown, and be long embalmed in the historic page (as now in the hearts of thousands) as identified with the fortunes and glories of his country.

And here, perhaps, we ought to close, seeing that we have already occupied so much of your time; but we cannot refrain adding a sentence or two by way of reprobation, regarding what may be called the stock in trade of this same military genius, viz., war. We have spoken out our mind regarding the subordinate place that it holds in the scale of the gifted; and while we are not here to depreciate genius of whatever order, yet, let us never forget that the triumphs of military genius are gained, how? Over the appalling heaps of the dying and the dead—over the countless multitudes of the slain; that its highest laurels are

gathered amid carnage and blood, and the expiring agonies of precious immortals, hurried away as in a moment to their great account; that its richest trophies are won, not only over the heaps of the slain, but over the wailings and the lamentations of the bereaved and the desolate—of the widowed and the fatherless refusing to be comforted! What can we say, then, but that it is a capacity that feeds on elements that are not from above, but from below. All war has its origin somehow or somewhere in injustice, cruelty, oppression, selfishness, and the worst passions of our nature. Misery and desolation are in its path. Who, then, would not wish to see the demon driven from this globe of ours, down to its native Pandemonium whence it sprung? May we not then say, perish henceforth all military glory—perish military genius—perish from under the whole heaven every cause of cruelty and wrong: let the throne of right be established—let the affinities of the brotherhood be everywhere acknowledged—let the humanising influences of Divine truth and peace everywhere prevail—let this same genius find a new and appropriate sphere—let it go forth on new and more lawful enterprises—let it go forth to give life, not to take it—let its high daring and lofty activities be concentrated upon what will tend to elevate and bless. Conquests won in such a field will be pure, satisfying, and unfading—will outvie all the wealth and garniture of earth—will

crown its possessors with immortal honour, and will cause them to shine in another firmament, far above sun and system, with unsullied and ever brightening radiance. What heart, then, sighs not for the happy predicted era when "wars shall cease to the ends of the earth"—when, in the words of sacred song, men shall "hang their trumpets in the hall, and study war no more."

ON HUMAN PROGRESS.*

We hear much at the present time about what is called "Human Progress." We are not sure, however, that the expression is so well understood as it is frequently repeated. There is certainly more comprehended in human progress than many seem to imagine, and a great deal more than we undertake to indicate in the few remarks we are now to make.

Many seem to regard progress as synonymous with varied human activity, forgetting that mere motion is not advancement. A door, for example, may be very active in turning on its hinges, and yet no progress made; it remains in the same position still. The most bigoted conservatism is not in itself inconsistent with ceaseless and energetic activity. We are not, therefore, to confound a mere seeming with positive onward movement. What, then, are some of the great interests of humanity in which we are to look for and seek progress or advancement?

There is, first of all, what some conceive highest, and others lowest in the scale, viz., *mercantile progress*,

* Prepared for the Students' Missionary Society, March, 1853.

taking in the temporalities of life, wealth, the interchange of commodities amongst various nations, &c., all tending to increase the comfort and personal well-being of the human species. Now, commerce, we need scarcely say, like everything else, has a history. It is traceable to small beginnings, but of what a marvellous growth can it now boast! What astonishing golden heaps has it collected, and is it every day gathering in! This secularism with too many is a passion, the god of their idolatry, and has given rise to a new phasis of infidelity, boldly showing its front in public discussion, whose motto is that of the old epicure, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." This surely is progress after a strange and most irrational fashion, concentrating all the energies of man on time, and allowing his soul, and the things of his immortal existence, to care for themselves. We rejoice in mercantile improvement and extension; but verily it would be an evil, and not a good, were the time ever to come when it supplanted every other care and interest. Secularism is good in its own place, as a means to an end; but it can never minister to the cravings of our spiritual being, or fill up the aching void of the human heart. Progress, therefore, in mere secularism would, after all, be a poor progress in which to glory, embracing, as it does, the mere passing interests of the present hour.

A second and more elevated form of human progress is that of the *scientific*, or varied knowledge reduced to a system. There can be no question that this kind of knowledge is highly desirable, and that great advancement in it has been made since the time when Bacon introduced his "*novum organum*"—his new method of truth-searching. What marvels have been revealed in almost every department of science! What astonishing precision, for example, has been brought to bear on the science of astronomy! With equal scope and accuracy has the starry firmament been explored, and the laws of the stellar heavens ascertained. And, again, by the eager truth-seeker, the very bowels of mother earth have been opened, and, through the uniformity of nature's laws, she has been compelled to disclose some of the secrets of her birth and age. But we cannot here enumerate. We may only remark, in passing, the close connection that has been discovered to exist among all the sciences. It has been clearly made out that the sciences are all one family group, linked together by the closest bonds of affinity, and that now one and now another must take the precedence, in order to the appearance and progress of the third, and so of a fourth, and fifth, till we embrace the entire circle, which, when completed, will bring us to "the millennium of the sciences!" These things it is interesting to know and contemplate. A millennium of the

sciences! All the knowable connected with this "visible diurnal sphere" brought into the map of a visible certainty, and shining without a cloud in reason's eye. What a consummation to ages of mental toil! What a triumph to the persevering energies of human genius! What a jubilee this to the sons of science! "when science from creation's face enchantment's veil withdraws," and when that creation stands at length disclosed in her own naked majestic simplicity!

A third form of human progress is advancement in the *arts*. We have referred to a consummation of scientific discovery. The sciences are limited in number, and the certainty regarding them must have also definite limits; not so the arts. We have no notion, in the same sense, of a millennium in reference to the arts, which take in endless combinations of objects and forms of objects. The old world, we reckon, will go on in its new fashions and new dresses; and here we shall continue to have something new under the sun, till the end of time. Crystal Palaces for exhibition will probably go on, and one palace of art outvie another; and to all this form of progress, as we conceive, we can neither speak of limit nor end. Amidst the endless variety of human tastes the imitations of nature in all its varied combinations are limitless. Do we, for example,

count poetry and painting amongst the fine arts? Then new types of genius will arise, that will reveal new forms and shadows of things. A greatly quickened energy has taken place in this direction in our own day, which, as far as it goes, is a token for good, tending, as the arts do, to refine, elevate, and benefit humanity.

Another form of progress that is highly desirable is *educational*—the most improved methods of drawing out and disciplining the mental faculties. And no one will refuse that in these methods there has already been great progress, and that the interest that has been awakened on the subject, and the discussions regarding it, seem to warrant the hope that we are on the high road to a greatly improved state of things here.

But, we may ask, what will all these forms of human progress avail without the spiritual element? The progress of the soul itself in faith and well-doing, as not only the proper preparation for well-being, but as entering essentially into it. This brings us to the last form of progress that we thought of mentioning, viz., the *missionary*, which we regard as an essential and important branch of the spiritual. What would a millennium, or the aimed at consummation of all mere secular knowledge and worldly

acquisitions, do for man, as a spiritual, moral, immortal being? It is, after all, the spiritual millennium that alone can elevate, and ennoble, and perfect humanity. This is the true divine progress, without which nothing else will suffice. This is to raise the soul itself in well-doing and well-being, and to fit it for a new and endless life above. To know and love aright the beautiful and true, is, in the words of the poet, "a joy for ever;" and where shall we find aright the perfection of truth and beauty but in the infinite, personal One, in whose image we were made, and to whose image we must be brought back, in the way of His mercy revealed in His Word. What progress is there so interesting and important in the view of the enlightened and true-hearted as missionary progress?—the progress of diffusing life and health amongst ignorant and perishing millions of our fellow-men. And we have no hesitation in saying, that missionary progress is one of the most hopeful signs of the times in which we live. In this respect there has certainly been a greatly quickened energy in modern times, such as has not been since apostolic days. The question is now much better understood than formerly—information as to the extent of the need is more widely diffused —obligation is more generally and deeply felt—agencies and means are multiplying and multiplied—missionary societies in numberless branches are formed

and forming. All this is cheering. Nor is the interest confined, nor ought it to be confined, to the mere professional, or to those who have a standing in the church for age and knowledge. It is well to be early instructed in the nature and importance of such a cause, and to be engaged in such a service. All are needed to help forward the great Divine work; and the personal advantages to be reaped from an enlightened, hearty devotement to it, are incalculably great. We do not conceive, therefore, that we are going out of our way, or doing that which does not mutually concern us, when we meet, as we are at present met, for the avowed object of strengthening each other's hands and encouraging each other's hearts, in seeking the furtherance of this Divine work. The twin motto our Bible gives us as to personal obligation, if I have read it aright, is this—*get* good—this is the first, get good to yourself: the second is, and no less binding, *do* good—do good to others as you have opportunity. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

March 29, 1853.

THE BEING OF GOD.*

ARGUMENT FROM DESIGN.

It has been observed by a distinguished and popular writer, John Foster, that no one is competent to disprove the Divine existence, save he who has made a circuit of the entire universe; inasmuch as, if it could be alleged that Deity were not in *one* place, he *might*, for aught we know, be in *another*. This remark we hold to be as sound as it is original; so that, positively to negative the Divine existence is an impossibility on the part of a mere creature who has never passed the confines of this terrestrial state. The utmost show of reason that can be made is, that God is not discernible from *our* sphere of observation—that the evidences of His being, so far as these reach our eye, are incomplete—and that we must be content to remain still in doubt and perplexity on a question of deepest interest and importance.

To the allegation that the light which has reached us, and which is furnished by the works of nature, is defective, we cannot subscribe; inasmuch as we think

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that the conclusion may be reached through varied unquestionable sources of evidence, pointing, as these several sources do, to our consciousness and reason—to the phenomena of nature everywhere around us, and to the moral economy established or set up within us.

In the view of so much that is decisive on this question, the difficulty felt is in making a selection for comment and illustration. Were we asked which class of evidence—the metaphysical, the physical, or the moral—we held as the most convincing, we should say that the last, namely, the moral, is the most awing and suggestive; but that the second, or physical, is perhaps the most simple or easily appreciable, inferring a great *first* cause from the necessary and invariable connection subsisting betwixt cause and effect; and yet, farther, inferring an intelligent designer from the clearly distinguishable adaptation of means to ends which the physical everywhere presents; so that, under this head of evidence, there is found this double aspect, or rather twofold form of proof.

We shall limit our observations more particularly at present to one of the branches of what may be called the physical argument, namely—inferring a designer from the traces of design, or from the adaptations of means to ends, which nature, in every department, so strikingly reveals.

Some have attempted to forestall this argument by

questioning the position that things seen can certainly determine an *unseen* designer. To make this absolutely sure, it is said we must have the designer face to face with his works, and really visible in his works, and not simply visible *through* them. The unreasonableness of such a demand as this scarcely needs to be exposed. The idea that we cannot know God except as a *visible object*, is one of the greatest absurdities, and would tend to the subversion of *all* knowledge. Much of our knowledge, it is evident, is obtained, not from a regard to what objects are in *themselves*, but from their properties and effects as manifested. We cannot tell even what matter is, but through its qualities as brought near to the bodily senses; nor can we know persons or friends in any other way than this. Individual sensations—thought and feeling—are, through consciousness, exclusively *our own* experience, and cannot be communicated; so that all we can know of mental and moral qualities, and varied types of human genius and skill, is by certain *outward signs*, which we are left to interpret as reason dictates. The mental and moral qualities are not seen. They are invisible, and we infer them from their works. Genius in its varied forms has no visibility in itself. It only becomes visible by sign or symbol, as in poetry, or sculpture, or any of the fine arts. These atheists themselves we have never seen but through their pages of blasphemy or absurdity; yet, through these pages as signs, we

can read the thing or the person signified; so that, to question the entire validity of the standpoint, and say that discovered design does not necessarily infer a designer, because the cause is *invisible*, is absurd in the extreme, and strikes at the very foundations of our knowledge. A clear, patent work of design, revealing the adaptation of means to ends, we must hold as an argument of reliable certainty in proof of the existence of an intelligent adequate cause.

The argument from design has been admirably put and illustrated by Paley in his "Natural Theology;" but it is one that is not easily exhausted, from the abundance and variety of the material that everywhere around us invites attention. It is not simply in the structure and organisation of the human frame, so curiously wrought and nicely set to its diverse uses, that the idea of the All-wise Framer is pressed upon our reflections; but in every department of the physical also, and throughout the entire domain of nature; inasmuch as we may discover everywhere the most marvellous adaptation of means to an end. Dr. Chalmers, in his Bridgewater Treatise, has shown, with his accustomed force and eloquence, how far-reaching this argument is, which is daily receiving fresh illustration.

If we turn to the vegetable kingdom, as it is now being arrayed in its "living green," and direct the eye even to a solitary flower, we may find that in things small, as well as in things great, we have teachers

here. That solitary flower, let it be minutely inspected. It has a seed, and the seed is in itself. The plant has a root, the tendrils of which have struck into the earth, so constituted and prepared as to yield it the necessary nourishment, which, in the form of sap, is taken up by the stem, and thus, under genial influences from above, the processes of budding and flowering go forward. The means here provided for preservation and growth are seen to be complete. But see the exquisite loveliness of that flower, with which nothing in art can be compared! It is the very emblem and model of the beautiful. To all who have any claim to cultivated taste, it is an object of admiration. Its colours are most delicate. "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." The scientific botanist, moreover, in opening it, and sending his keen eye into its interior, exclaims, it is wonderful! In the disposition of every part its symmetry is perfect! It is the ideal of consummate beauty! How well fitted to attract the eye, and to refine the taste, and to afford pleasure to the beholder! *Now*, what is the explanation of all this? It is obvious such a phenomenon is not a chance or random growth. As soon believe that the whole universe was framed out of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms," as believe that the seed of that exquisite flower was *self-generated*, and happened to *deposit itself* in genial soil and under a genial sky.

The true philosophy unquestionably is, that this object of beauty is the representation of an idea; that it is a minute intelligent contrivance; and that the contriver himself is supremely beautiful, inasmuch as no such idea could have found a place but in a mind where the conception and love of the beautiful were exquisite and perfect. The notion of Plato was, that the Divine Being at first created all types of things—which this philosopher called *ideas*—which types were afterwards selected and used, as circumstances called for, in the processes of formation. The supposition is, no doubt, fanciful; yet there underlies it a divine philosophy; for a flower is unquestionably the product and counterpart of a Divine idea, or mental type. Thus, surely, do we "rise from nature up to nature's God." The Divine existence is, of necessity, involved in the intelligence, beauty, and benevolence herein manifested; and the same argument is still expanded when we consider that we are so constituted that we can take in, appreciate, and admire all this, thereby revealing the beautiful harmony subsisting betwixt the mental and the natural, the inner and the outer world. Thus does a solitary flower refute the absurdities of atheism; and thus is the proof of the Divine existence bound up in its very beauty.

If, again, we turn from the vegetable to the animal kingdom, in some of its minuter manifestations we shall find evidence not less striking and apparent.

The various wonderful instincts that are found here are insolvable on any other supposition than that of an unseen contriver. Take the spider, for example, so cunningly and curiously weaving her web, having all the materials for doing so within herself. This nice network serves at once the purpose of providing shelter and procuring sustenance. See how eagerly she watches her prey, and how skilfully she secures it! Here are means ingeniously adapted to an end. Whence all this? Intelligence there is here, undoubtedly—intelligence of no common order—intelligence more than appears—the unseen and Divine.

Or take the feathered tribes in their varied and minute operations. With what delight do they hail the approach of spring! How joyously they enter into the hymeneal contract, with all the preliminaries of mutual consent! How faithful they are to each other! and what a stirring scene of industry they now present, and something more than industry! for see, in the construction of their nests, each species builds after its kind. There is no previous drawing of a plan, no application of rules of mathematical precision, and yet how admirable the form and perfect the adjustment of the several parts —so perfect at first as to render all after-improvement unnecessary! This done, see how well they understand each other, and with what fidelity, self-denial, and care, they rear the tender brood! Here

is design, striking design, and here are means perfectly adapted to the end. Intelligence there must be, greater and higher far than is to be found in the creature. What can such marvellous phenomena denote, but the absolute certainty of invisible, presiding intelligence, operating directly, or indirectly, through the medium of these strange signs?

The operations of the bee reveal phenomena still more complete and wonderful. The construction of its cells, so perfect in form—the division of labour—the amazing industry—the order and government maintained—the nature of the presiding power—all reveal to us at once the truth and the boundless resources of a Divine intelligence. Verily, God is here; and the theory of Sir Isaac Newton is, perhaps, after all, the true one—that He not only acts here, but *acts directly*.

Nor is the argument from design limited to the merely physical departments of nature. In going into the moral world, and turning to the phenomena of conscience, for example, you have not only the proof of the existence of a God bound up in it, but of Divine moral government. Who can rationally account for the movements of conscience—where, in the human bosom, we have lawgiver, judge, witness, and executioner—without admitting at once a Divine intelligence, so marvellously endowing him, and a supreme Ruler, to whom he is responsible?

But these illustrations, which could easily be multiplied, we may not carry further. We have said enough to indicate how worthy of reliance is the argument for the Divine existence, drawn from the manifold traces of design through all the works of nature, and enough surely to evince the absurdity and infatuation of atheistic follies.

WAR.*

The subject on which we propose to offer a few observations is, "War"—one at all times interesting and important, but especially so at present, when our country is taking her side in a great approaching struggle, and when the evils attendant on a state of warfare are already making themselves felt in the interruption of trade, increasing taxation, and the enlistment of large numbers of our countrymen.

Our object, at present, will be simply to present some of the general aspects of the subject; and we ask you to regard these on their own merits, and independently of any bias which the existing relations may have a tendency to produce. In discussing this subject, such questions as the following present themselves for our consideration:—

1*st.* *What are some of the Evils necessarily attendant on War?*

2*nd.* *What are some of its usual Causes?* *and,*

3*rd.* *What are we to look to as the Cure?*

* Prepared for Young Men's Society, March, 1854.

Following this train of thought, our first inquiry is in reference to the baneful consequences resulting from a state of warfare. At the outset, we remark, and we believe every rightly-constituted mind will agree with us, that, in all circumstances, war must be considered one of the greatest evils that can afflict humanity. For, what is war but the outburst, on a gigantic scale, of the worst passions of the human heart? Are pride, revenge, hatred, &c., evils to be deplored and condemned? In war they find not only free vent, but are summoned into existence, and nourished into strength. Are robbery and murder execrable? In war they are set up as objects for ambition to aim at, whilst honour and promotion await the man who best succeeds in the attempt.

What, after all, is military glory, and how is it obtained? It is the acclamation of praise which salutes the man who has won his way to victory through the interposing flesh and bone of his fellow-men, amid the war-shout which deadens the ear to the groans of mortal agony, that ever and anon ascend from this Aceldama. The crowning evil of war is, no doubt, its moral mischiefs; but superadded to these, you have the fearful amount of physical suffering in which it results. Now, both of these are common to all wars, whether just or unjust, so that we are borne out in stating that war, in all circumstances, is one of the greatest calamities.

You may think first of the immediate effects to the army itself. You are aware that a state of active warfare involves, on the part of the soldiery, great exposure, fatiguing marches, unremitting vigilance, and constant toil. The energies are often taxed beyond the powers of human endurance, and disease and death creep in to thin and weaken the ranks. It is computed that in a campaign there are usually more carried off by the inroads of disease, superinduced thus, than fall on the field of battle.

But think especially of the scene of actual combat, after the roar of the cannon has ceased, and the surviving armies have left the field. Here, indeed, is a sight which fills the mind that can realise it with horror. The ground covered with the appalling heaps of the dying and the dead—men and their steeds lying side by side, sharing a common fate—the groans of the dying answered only by the moan of the proud war-horse expiring by the side of his rider—the wounded mayhap helplessly entangled with the dead—no human helper near to rescue, or even alleviate with a drop of water the burning thirst that maddens the writhing frame!

Look at the field of Waterloo on the 19th June, 1815. The day before two immense armies had ranged themselves upon opposing slopes. At mid-day host encountered host, and fought till dusk with a fury unequalled perhaps in the annals of warfare. And then,

when another sun had risen, what a scene had presented itself for the moralist and the statesman to contemplate! Within the comparatively small space of two square miles, 50,000 men and horses lay dead or dying. Words fail to depict the scene. Imagination only can realise it, and that but in small degree. And think, as think we must, that those who fall thus suddenly in war have no time left, perhaps not an instant, for reflection. Half the evil of a soldier's doom upon the battle-field would be removed were it not that he is hurried away, as in a *moment*, to his last account.

But the sad consequences of war are not confined to the field of carnage, and to the victims there. There are other victims in the widowed and the fatherless refusing to be comforted. One of the most mournful sights upon a still smoking battle-field, is that of affection seeking its object among the wounded and the slain; and many a new-made widow and orphan-child have left that bloody scene, to linger on in secret suffering, cheerless and broken-hearted. Such are the immediate and baneful results, personally and relatively, to those who are more directly engaged in war.

But our magazine of evils is far from being exhausted. Think of the effect of war on trade. International commerce is suspended. That wise arrangement whereby one nation is made to par-

ticipate in the advantages of another, by receiving from that other those commodities of which it stands in need, in exchange for those which it possesses to superfluity, is entirely set aside. Nor does the evil stop here; for even the commerce of a nation within itself is crippled. With the encouragement given to war, native industry diminishes, prices rise, taxes increase, national wealth is taken out of its proper channel, national energy is misdirected, and destitution and discontent are allowed to spread, while the work of death goes on apace.

Another evil attendant on a state of warfare, which we may mention here, is traceable to the mere presence of large armies. We know that, even in times of peace, the influence of the soldiery is far from being desirable. The tendency of their calling, strange as it may seem, is to make them lawless; and, as a natural consequence, wherever they are allowed to associate with the citizens, the effects are baneful. In a state of actual war the evil of this intercourse is tenfold increased; and, if the army be an invading one, as in the Principalities at the present time, the subjects are often reduced to a condition of hardship, and exposed to evils not to be described. Prohibited from relinquishing their own homes, they are subjected to the insults and exactions of a cruel soldiery, and compelled to yield up their time and substance to the direful work and ends of the invasion.

Nevertheless, there *are* circumstances in which war, while it must still be regarded as an evil, must, at the same time, be viewed as a *necessary* one. The sin of war is not the sin of those who defend the right, but of those who perpetrate the wrong. The aggressor is the transgressor. On *his* soul lies the sin, and on *his* head should alight the punishment. And, just as it would betray a spirit very different in its nature from Christian submission and humility, for an *individual* to endure, without resistance, the injury and rapacity of some vulgar bully, or to stand by inactively and see his brother wantonly trodden down; so, on the part of a nation, there are times when the claims of right and freedom preponderate over the claims of submission and peace—when to fold the arms would be to act the coward, and when the peace, secured thus, would be the prelude to evils worse than war itself. Reason and Scripture concur in the sentiment, "First pure, *then* peaceable"—purity and peace coming in the order of cause and effect.

"The heart that throbs for human weal
Should never beat for war,
Nor let its splendour once conceal
How grim its features are.

"But wealth and ease are basely bought,
If freedom is the cost;
A life at ease—we spurn the thought,
If liberty is lost."

We proceed now to our second inquiry in reference to some of the principal Causes of war.

We have said that, in war, that which is most to be deprecated is its moral turpitude. The causes, therefore, of the evil are to be sought for in the depraved dispositions and tendencies of the human heart. One cause is the acquisition of *military glory*. Honour and reputation are the bait which lure on to bloodshed and plunder, and nations are captivated thus as well as individuals. The lust for conquest, and the jealousy of so-called honour, have been two of the greatest curses of humanity, and both of which may have their spring in the desire of military glory. Look to the long series of aggressive struggles in which, to her disgrace, our own country has engaged; and look to the readiness with which, even in our own day—when the lessons of a dear-bought experience, one would have thought, might have taught men wisdom—the touching on some insignificant point of supposed national honour is hailed as the signal for retribution.

True honour, we think, does not consist in readiness to retaliate an injury. In such honour we can see little of the dignity of rational intelligence; for it is possessed by many of the irrational tribes to something like perfection. If the injury be of such a nature that it cannot be undone, a nation's true dignity would probably be to preserve silence, or

simply to address a wholesome warning. Certainly that would be a grave wrong which would justify a government in sacrificing the lives of hundreds or thousands of its own subjects, and it may be as many of another state—as innocent of the actual wrong as their own—for the mere purpose of inflicting punishment for the wrong done. A nation's honour is something distinct and different from mere territorial boundary. It presupposes the distribution of good government over its length and breadth, and the enjoyment of free and enlightened institutions on the part of its subjects. When these are perseveringly interfered with, then may a nation be justified in turning the sword against the oppressors, in seeking to achieve a victory necessary for preserving the freedom of the country, and maintaining its interest and its honour in the face of the world. But too often the prevalence of what has been called *the war spirit* among the subjects of a government, has been found to be one of the primary and most powerfully operative causes of the evil.

Many other fostering causes might be named, such as *early training*. A false estimate of military prowess is often early instilled into the young and imaginative mind. War is represented as the sphere for the manifestation of great qualities. The greatest of earth's sons were warriors. The dangers that beset the course only make the prize more to be coveted.

Then, there is the excitement of military service, and the pageantry and show of armies, and the battle itself, with the thunders of its artillery, its fierce encounters, its martial music, and shouts of triumph. These all array themselves before the youthful fancy in fascinating colours, and, associated with the applause of the world, go to form early a state of sentiment in regard to war which not the force of argument or the dictates of sober reason can entirely efface.

Another not unfrequent cause of war is that *false patriotism* under which man makes an idol of his country, sinking the claims and rights of every other, in view of the interest of his own. Let the cause of quarrel be ever so insignificant, the subject buckles on his armour at the summons. It was lately asserted by Sir Harry Smith, in addressing some of the regiments about to embark for the East, that "soldiers have nothing to do with the cause of quarrel: their duty is to fight."

With such a sentiment we can by no means coincide. This were to make the soldier a mere machine, or engine of war, to be employed pretty much as the cannon he loads. The subject, by joining the ranks of the soldiery, does not cease to be a *man*, and as such he has surely a right to judge of the cause in which he is required, not only to put forth his energies, but to risk his life. The world has been taught many an impressive lesson concerning the danger of yielding

up the destinies of the many to the absolute will of the few. And this false patriotism has not seldom been employed by crafty statesmen and despots for the attainment of their own ambitious ends. We would not here be misunderstood. In asserting the right of the citizen to judge of the justice of the cause, we, at the same time, freely acknowledge the right of the State in the declaration of war. Provided there be sufficient reason, it is the duty of a State to declare war; for the same principle which authorises government to check and punish its own subjects, vests in it the right of resisting and punishing foreign aggression.

Having already encroached upon the time and patience of the meeting, we proceed, in conclusion, to ask, in a sentence or two, *What is to be regarded as the Cure or Remedy for the evil?*

We have spoken out our mind freely regarding the moral turpitude from which it takes its rise. All war has its origin in injustice, cruelty, oppression, and the worst passions of the heart. The cure, then, which would be effectual must be one which shall affect man's character as a moral being. Those bitter waters of Marah must be sweetened at the fountain-head. The springs of the affections must be purified. The affinities of brotherhood between man and man must be felt and acknowledged. The humanising

influence of Divine truth and peace must be spread and prevail. Christianity alone presents sufficient motives, and carries sufficient power, for the achievement of this great object. Wealth, industry, and trade—these are all looked to as furnishing securities for peace; and so, to some extent, they do. Wealth, by putting the means of resistance within reach, may have the effect of shielding from insult; but, on the other hand, may not the prospect of aggrandisement overcome the fear of punishment? Trade, no doubt, by intertwining the interests of one nation with another, may render peaceful intercourse conducive to the prosperity of each; and yet, how often do we find opposing interests coming into collision, and jealousies and rivalries springing up, the tendency of which is the very reverse of pacific! How often, too, when outward circumstances are all favouring peace, do we find the hand of the oppressor uplifted to strike the axe at the root of the tree of liberty!

True peace has its foundation in love; and not till that love or charity which, in the beautiful language of holy writ, "suffereth long, and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up"—not till this love swells big in every heart, generating the true spirit of peace, have we any sufficient security against the crimes and the miseries of war. What heart sighs not for such a consummation! It is the object after which the greatest and the best of

our fellow-men are labouring and striving. Theirs is a bloodless fight; but victory shall crown their efforts. Even now they hold up to view, at once, the olive and the palm. Let their cause be ours, and their honour, too; and let us go forth with stout hearts and buoyant hopes; for we have the testimony of Scripture to the truth, that the time is fast approaching when "wars shall cease to the ends of the earth."

PERSONAL ACCOUNTABILITY.*

THERE is no aspect of our common humanity which it is so all-important to consider as that in which it is seen to be connected with the invisible. Our terrestrial relationships are many and various, and these it is our immediate concern rightly to apprehend, that we may adequately discharge the duties they impose. But, sacred and imperative as are the obligations herein involved, they must ever yield in importance to those that bind us to the unseen and divine. It is with the latter class of obligations that our topic, "Personal Accountability," has more immediately to do.

The first question of interest that here presents itself is, *In what does this accountability consist?* What are those distinguishing elements that go to constitute man a responsible agent, and to place him far apart from all the irrational tribes around him? These constituents must obviously be born with him; or rather, they exist as essential conditions of his being, so that humanity and responsibility are inseparably

* Written for "Young Men's Magazine," January, 1853.

allied. Hence, as the Scriptures have it, "every one shall give account of *himself* to God;" thus making accountability co-extensive with the entire family of man.

The inherent elements of accountability, then, are unquestionably these, Intelligence, Conscience, and Will. To constitute any act *moral*, three things are necessary: a faculty to discern moral distinctions, a power or sense of duty or obligation, and a capability of choosing the right or the wrong. None of these elements, it is obvious, can be dispensed with. Take away intelligence, and conscience is blind, if it exist at all; take away conscience, and the feeling of the *ought* —that is, of moral right or moral wrong—is entirely obliterated; or take away will—that is, the power to choose through the influence of motive—and man is no longer a moral agent, but a mere mechanical instrument. But while each of these is an essential pre-requisite of accountability, there is one of them which, for a little, it is needful that we particularise, as bringing us into more immediate contact with the rectoral and divine. We mean conscience, which, more than any other attribute, demonstrates the value and high destiny of the human soul. It is to this peculiar distinction of the race that the apostle Paul refers when he says, that the heathen, "having not a law, are a law unto themselves, which show the work of the law written in their hearts," or, in other words,

on their consciences, giving them the certain knowledge of right and wrong. Bishop Butler, with his usual precision, has brought out the peculiarity of this faculty, and thus made a valuable contribution to the science of ethics.

What, it may be asked, is conscience, and what is that grand element in it that immediately reveals the unseen, giving to man a felt contact with a personality superior to himself? The definition which would make conscience the faculty that gives us the *knowledge* of rightness and wrongness in action, is so far correct; but it is obvious that something more is required to render it complete, inasmuch as a *feeling* is at the same time awakened in every operation of conscience. If the action be right, that feeling is approval; if the action be wrong, the feeling is disapproval; and, it may be added, that the former is pleasurable, while the latter is painful.

Now, we beg to mark this *sense* as a very wondrous element of our being; for it is at this point that the light of the Eternal begins to dawn, and the curtain of the Invisible begins to be drawn aside. It is here that not only we obtain the distinct idea of a God, but feel that with this great Being we have individually to do. From the very depths of the human soul this feeling has a voice, which nothing but the greatest perversity can hush or disregard. Conscience may be called the universal interpreter, revealing at the same

moment the existence, the moral administration, and the judgeship of heaven's King. All ingenuous minds have been constrained to confess its existence and power. It is, in fact, the transit point into the region of worship; the great spanning archway that Nature herself reveals, connecting the moral and the religious, the seen and the invisible, the finite and the infinite, the human and the Divine. Hence the varied language employed regarding it: "Vicegerent of Heaven;" "The Witness of God in the soul;" its "Supremacy" over all the other faculties; and hence the language of the apostle: "Commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God, by the manifestation of the truth;" which expressions, it will be seen, invest it with the high attributes at once of a Witness, or Interpreter, a Ruler, and a Judge, and we may add, an Executioner also. Take one, for example, who has deviated from the path of rectitude, and who is not deaf to this monitor. See how he is moved by its loud and faithful remonstrance! Does he not resemble a criminal summoned before the bar of an awful tribunal; and this, too, when no human vengeance is pursuing? Why does he start? Whence the arrow of self-reproach with which he is pierced? Whence that apprehension that his accounts are not yet settled? Whence that dread anticipation and fearful foreboding of a coming and more solemn reckoning? Wherefore is the full sentence not exhausted by a present and

momentary pang? Ah! the reason is obvious: He that made him has engraven his own law on his spirit, and erected his tribunal within. That law he would disown if he could; and from that tribunal he would escape were it possible. But he cannot. There he stands, a convicted, trembling criminal, before a presence and authority which he cannot gainsay or disallow.

Now, what does all this prove? It proves the existence of moral law, to the dictates of which man, from his very nature, is bound to conform—a law holy and just, and armed with awful sanction in case of disobedience. And what does all this farther prove? It proves the existence of an invisible lawgiver, and a rectoral governor, whose subjects we are, and under whose moral administration we are even now placed. And it yet further demonstrates that we are under personal and sacred obligations to yield a true allegiance to that great authority, and that the power and the determination to punish the offender are by no means wanting;—all this teaching us, by the book of nature itself, that the present is a state where we are hastening on to some great assize, when He who is now the witness of our conduct shall sit as judge, when present actions shall be weighed in an even balance, and when doom or acquittal must be our portion. Thus it is that conscience clearly connects us with the invisible; and thus it is that we have a

palpable opening for what we have called "Personal Accountability."

So much, then, for the inherent elements and nature of this accountability; and so much for that element especially in which it more immediately has its seat, namely, natural and universal conscience.

Having indicated that responsibility is moral, judicial, and universal in its nature, a question of some importance now offers itself for solution. How far does our accountability extend, and how are we to ascertain its limits? The great Being with whom we have to do demands not from us the impossible, but only the reasonable and just, while at the same time he will not remit one jot or tittle of his rightful claims to obedience. The question here presents a double aspect. We have first of all to consider accountability in reference to its subjects. This point we do not consider at all difficult. It clearly extends to the whole of human conduct into which any moral ingredient enters. To a human tribunal we are answerable only for overt acts, as injurious to our fellow-men. Into the region of thought, feeling, or conscience it may not, and dare not, enter. Such cognizance belongs only to the Invisible, whose province comprehends the whole region of thought, and feeling, and motive within, as well as the actions of the life. Being omniscient, as well as supreme, we clearly see how minute record *can* be taken; and being holy and

just, we further see that this record *must* be taken. A prime or necessary element in all morality is intent or volition. It is this that stamps the unexpressed thought or feeling as lawful or otherwise; so that the eye of the Omniscient especially keeps guard over the will and its issues, or, as the Scriptures express it, "the *intents* of the heart." All this is clear and obvious.

In this connection a question has been started: Does accountability go beyond this, and embrace opinions also on matters that affect man's moral and eternal well-being? In other words, are all men to be held responsible for their religious creed or belief? Without here staying to confute the absurd and obnoxious sentiment, that "a man is no more responsible for his belief than for the colour of his skin," we shall indicate, in a sentence or two, what appears to be the truth on this head. We hold, then, that man is responsible for his opinions on morals and religion, as well as for his actions. It ought to be remembered here that man is not a creature of mere unbiassed intellect, in contact with evidence that he cannot resist. He is also a being of passion and will, selfish and perverted, that ever and anon tend to darken and misdirect the intellect and the judgment. Vanity, pride, self-interest, natural aversion to the right and the holy, ceaselessly intrude to incite to conclusions that are erroneous and fatal. Now, for these evil and

perverting influences, entertained, and fostered, and suffered to exercise control over the power of volition, man is without question responsible, existing, as they do, by his own fault, and operating by his own consent. Thus it is that the most gifted intellect may be warped, and become the miserable victim of misconception and prejudice.

Nor, in such circumstances, is he accountable only for the error embraced; he is also accountable for the whole mental malady of faculties injured and enslaved, bearing the very lineaments of the "Father of lies." Miserable man! so to desecrate and efface the image of his Maker, and so to act the part of a self-destroyer! It belongs to the very nature of error to have a downward course; and not the least of its evils is to change the mind where it is harboured into the dark distorted likeness of the fiend. Once committed to this dangerous steep, no one can tell how low the human spirit may fall from truth and rectitude. Nor does responsibility become extinct through all the winding and ruinous progress. On the contrary, it will follow him during the whole immortality of his being. Now, it will be seen that he is not only responsible for acts, and feelings, and opinions, but also for a thoroughly-ruined and perverted nature. The Infidel or Freethinker cannot, therefore, get quit with the pretext, that his creed, if wrong, is his misfortune, not his crime. We confess we have little faith in the pre-

tended candour of this class; and cannot allow that any such are unbiassed and ingenuous searchers after truth. Some canker-worm, we fear, in every case will be found at the root, tending to eat out all healthful vitality. The verdict of Scripture is here too true: "Not wishing to retain God in their thoughts;" "The fool hath said in his *heart*, There is no God." The want in this case is not defective evidence or deficiency of light, but the willing mind and the candid judgment to weigh and rest in the truth; and how many are there who have never examined evidence at all, and whose scepticism amounts merely to an unexamining rejection? If, therefore, it be so, that all must give account of their opinions, as well as of their acts, how much in earnest ought we to be that these be in accordance with the great standard of revealed and infallible truth!

Having noted accountability in reference to its subjects, it remains that, in a concluding sentence or two, we view it as to its extent or degree. Does it admit of degree, or does it extend to all men alike? We think there can be no dubiety that admits of limitation and difference. The idea of equality here cannot for one moment be entertained. It is obvious that responsibility is to be measured by obligation, and obligation by privilege. By privilege we mean the power and opportunities we have of gaining a knowledge of ourselves, and of our relations to the Eternal.

Now, it is evident that all men are *not* placed on a level in this respect. On the contrary, we see the greatest disparities and differences everywhere prevalent. The circumstances and relative positions of the entire race are endlessly diversified, running out into the minutest shades of variation, from the rude untutored child of the wilderness, under the dim light of nature's dawn, to the highly-favoured son of Christian civilisation, enjoying the clear light and all the hallowing influences of Divine revelation. And even in Christian countries, how marked and varied the educational differences in institutions and families, where the youthful mind is to a large extent formed for good or evil: here, an atmosphere of death, and there, an atmosphere of life! Thus the opportunities of obtaining definite knowledge of ourselves, moral law, and our invisible relations, minutely vary beyond all calculation.

It is evident, then, that there *are* degrees of accountability—accountability of very varying shades. Of their proportionate judicial results *we* cannot speak. It is a subject too high for us; and this only can we say, "Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?" This much, however, is evident, as we have seen, that the religious capacity existing in all, is first awakened by the voice of natural conscience, giving the felt connection with moral law and moral administration, and by consequence, with a moral lawgiver and judge.

These ideas, and this sense thus obtained, it becomes a sacred and all-important duty duly to entertain and cherish, seeing they reveal a relationship the most august and awful. Let this discovery be held in light esteem or disregarded—this is our crime; let it be welcomed and cherished—this is alike duty and interest.

But how, it may be asked, *is* it to be welcomed and cherished? Clearly by a practical and reverential regard to the nature of the law and its Author as herein revealed. But a peculiarity here presents itself. Not only have we conscience, together with the book of nature, as expositors of law and duty, but have also received "a more sure word of prophecy"—a *written* revelation, shedding its clear light on human character and destiny. At this point a new and awful responsibility is imposed, which is, first of all, candidly to examine the credentials or evidence of its being indeed Divine; and, being assured of this, carefully to examine and ascertain the contents of the heavenly document—opening up, as it does, man's origin, history, present condition, and relationships, as well as showing the way of life. Being in this way assured on these momentous points, it only remains that, with child-like submission, man own and revere this standard and rule of duty, whether it call upon him to believe or to do; for to *believe*, as well as to do, it does imperatively call him. So much is this the case, that belief

forms the turning-point of all true worship and obedience, as well as the transition-point of doom, and hence of all others is the most solemn and important part of man's accountability; for here it is essential to have a felt personal interest in, and personal acquiescence with, a great and definite truth. This again introduces us to endless and varied responsibilities, furnishing, as it does, new light and motive to a life of devoted activity. The sacredness of Christian responsibility none can estimate. But we may not pursue this subject farther. Our object will have been gained if we have in some degree indicated, to the eye of reason, the origin and ascending steps of "Personal Accountability."

TRUE MORALITY.*

MAN is not only an intelligent and immortal but a moral being, possessing moral powers which render him the subject of a moral government. Hence the question of morality pertains essentially to his being and well-being, and enters into all his relations, obligations, and interests. Morality is right principle in action. It is doing what is right and good in opposition to what is wrong and evil, and doing what in itself is right and good, in a right spirit, and with right ends in view, in opposition to doing what is wrong, or acting in a wrong spirit, and with wrong ends in view.

Morality presupposes, then, a distinction between right and wrong, between good and evil—a right to be followed, and a wrong to be avoided—a good to be sought, and an evil to be shunned.

It presupposes, farther, the existence of God. If He be denied, all supreme obligation is removed.

It supposes, also, man's condition as a subject of

* Written for Montrose Street Young Men's Society, and obviously prepared with great care. August, 1851.

Divine government. If God be admitted to be the Supreme Moral Governor of the universe, this will unavoidably follow.

Farther, there must also be a standard of morality —a rule whereby the subject may direct his conduct, and a test by which it may be tried. Such a standard we shall expect to be perfect—worthy of him from whom it emanates. And as man, in the essential elements of his nature, and in his highest relations, is the same everywhere, and in all ages, we shall expect this standard to be not local or limited, but universal; not variable, but fixed; not changing, but immutable.

It may be proper to observe a distinction, the recollection of which is necessary to an enlightened understanding of the principles of morality—the distinction between its standard or rule, and the foundation of moral obligation. This has been illustrated by the analogy in human governments. The considerations in the minds of the legislators inducing the enactment of the law—its estimated tendencies, and desired effects, may be said to be its principle or foundation. The law itself—that with which the subject has chiefly to do, to the precepts of which he yields his obedience—is the standard. In the definition given, the Latin scholar will recognise precisely the difference between *jus* and *lex;* the former meaning the principle of right, and the latter the recorded law.

Recognising this distinction, we might reasonably expect, in the question of moral government, a corresponding distinction between the rule of moral obligation and its origin—between the rule itself and the reasons or principles leading to the formation of it. And so we find it. The rule is one thing, the foundation of the rule another. The character of the law arises out of the character of its author. The perfect rectitude of his nature impressed itself upon the rule he gave. But as a subject, man has properly to do with the rule itself. The question with him, before obedience, is not, "Why is it so?" but, "What is it?" and, having ascertained this, implicit obedience is the demand. With him to hear should be to obey.

I. *Let us now look at some of the false theories of morality that have been maintained.*

We pass over, with the bare mention of them, the three principal ancient moral systems, because, being compiled unaided by the light of revelation, they cannot contain what is suited to man, as a fallen and immortal being; and, also, because the great principles which they contain have been in substance adopted by some modern philosophers.

The Aristotelian system of morals defined virtue as the mean between two extremes, thus overturning the essential opposition of virtue to vice, leaving us

nothing whereby to answer the question—Why, supposing the extremes defined, they are wrong and the medium only right? and in some cases having no mean at all.

The Stoical system defined virtue as living according to nature. If this mean the nature of man, every one must see it is nothing short of a license to vice. If it mean the nature of things, the application of the definition being far beyond the powers of a finite mind, it would be preposterous to propose placing it in the hands of one not only finite but fallen.

The doctrine of Epicurus was, that a steady course of virtue is productive of the greatest amount of happiness, while the happiness derived was regarded as constituting the virtue. This system soon came to be much abused, and unrestrained libertinism was dignified with the name of Epicurean philosophy.

Passing on to a more modern date, we find Cudworth's system of "Eternal Fitnesses" ably advocated by more than one moralist. An eternal distinction is regarded as subsisting between right and wrong, which the mind instinctively lays hold of—an essential adaptation of things existing in the moral as in the natural world—and conformity or disconformity to this constitutes virtue or vice. Whatever may be said regarding such a definition, it is one which goes far beyond the capabilities of *any*

finite being. For no mind but that of Him who adjusted them can comprehend, in his dealings, all the relations of things; and if so, none but His can rightly estimate eternal fitnesses.

The theory of Adam Smith has been designated, "The enthusiasm of moral science." According to it, sympathy determines to us the moral rectitude of an action performed by another, and the agent's merit; and the character of our own actions, and our own merit, by imagining the existence of an impartial spectator, and sympathising in his supposed sympathy with us. Without at all entering on the merits of the definition, we remark that the philosopher could not intend sympathy to be understood as constituting moral rectitude; but if he meant it merely as a test or standard, whilst the sympathies of our nature are exposed to the operation of so many outward influences, how loose and fluctuating must it be!

Dr. Thomas Brown has it, that the approving regard with which we look on ourselves, and others look on us, "constitutes the virtue of the act, the merit of the agent, and the obligation to perform the act." One well qualified to do so has, we think, justly charged the system with resolving virtue into a mere relation. What is virtue to us, might to a class of intelligent beings, formed with different moral perceptions, be vice; or what is vice to us, to them virtue.

But it may be urged, in reply, this is impossible. Certainly, we answer; and does not the very impossibility afford evidence against your theory? For whence comes this impossibility, but from the existence in the Divine mind of certain great principles of rectitude, which are immutable, and with which alone it is consistent for God to endow His intelligent offspring.

In Dr. Hutcheson's theory man is regarded as possessing a moral sense, which, like the corporeal senses, naturally and intuitively derives pleasure from contact with objects of certain qualities. This moral sense is held to be the standard of virtue, its decisions being regarded as determining the moral qualities of an act. In this, as in the previous system, morality is resolved into a mere relation. Were there a change in the decisions of the moral sense, there would be a change in the nature of morality. If, however, "we understand the moral sense figuratively, and suppose it to mean that intuitive discernment of moral distinctions, which we conceive to be the appropriate possession of a sinless creature, and, along with the perfect conformity of a disposition to the perception of right, to constitute the harmony of that creature's nature with the nature of Deity," there would be less to object to. But man is not a sinless being; and it is this fact which constitutes the fatal objection, not only to this, but to all the systems already noticed. How can we suppose a being

capable of deciding upon the eternal fitnesses of things in whom the highest of all relationships has been disturbed—the relation of man to God? How can we imagine the sympathies of a nature the test of right, when, from the nature being debased, the sympathies have been corrupted? How can we set up our approving emotions as the criterion of virtue, since, the film of depravity having overspread our moral perceptions, we are apt to conjure up vice, clad in robes of light, and dropping sweet odours in her path? Or, how can we make the moral sense our standard, if that sense has lost its discriminating capacity? And, as certainly as the man whose eyes are jaundiced is incapacitated for pronouncing on colours, so certainly is our moral sense perverted, and its powers incompetent for the high task of discriminating between right and wrong

We might now speak of Utility. As introduced and maintained by Hume, it is unworthy of serious consideration. Since, recognising no state of existence beyond time, it confined its provisions to the present life. But the Utilitarian philosophy has been advocated on higher grounds than Hume's, taking in man's immortal existence, and applying its principles, not to the individual only, but to the whole universe. Utility to the universe, it is said, is virtue. But what a standard is this for *man* to act by. It takes for granted that such a creature as he, is capable of decid-

ing not only what is best for himself, but what, upon the whole, is most useful throughout the vast empire of God; and besides this, that virtue or morality has no fixed principle, no sure foundation on which to rest. If utility be taken in its most extended meaning, and embrace, with the good of the universe, the glory of the Godhead, it will follow, no doubt, that whatever is useful is good; but it does not follow that its usefulness constitutes its goodness. The converse is true. It is the operation of the eternal and immutable principles of rectitude, existing in the Divine nature, which conduces to these great results.

Bishop Butler's scheme of morals has been designated "the system of Zeno baptised into Christ." Like the Stoics, he defines virtue as living according to nature—meaning, according to the complex constitution of man; not following that blind impulse which happens to be uppermost, but giving each principle its appropriate place, and listening to the dictates of the grand ruling principle, namely—conscience. In short, this system resolves virtue into living according to conscience. But, in this definition, is not the fact of man's depravity forgotten? In making conscience supreme, we trust to a monitor that is apt to be mistaken; to a guide, who, in seeking the path of safety, may lead us into all the errors of the course we sought to avoid.

II. *Let us now consider the rule of true morality.*

We have thus mentioned several systems--some even claiming the name of Christian—and we have seen that they are all radically at fault, both in the foundation they assign, and the standard they propose. We turn away from these to search after something higher and more stable. Where, then, are we to find the foundation of true morality? Where, but in that Divine nature from which everything great and good in the universe has sprung? Looking abroad upon creation, and marking the evidences of wisdom and design, we reason up from such effects to some great cause. We argue from these existences an infinite Originator of being, and here we stop. We have reached the final cause—the uncreated God. So in morals. In tracing up the high and immutable principles of rectitude to their origin, we cannot reach a farther point than this--the essential and necessary perfection of His nature. He was from all eternity the great "I Am," self-existent, and self-blessed in the possession of that holy character, the impress of which He put upon all His intelligent offspring. The more distinct this impress of the character of his Creator, the clearer will be man's exhibition of the principles of excellence which that character contains. Hence, "when we have resolved the ultimate principles of moral rectitude in the creature, into conformity with the eternal and immutable

prototype of all excellence in the nature of the Godhead, our minds repose in delightful satisfaction on this secure resting-place." It was eternal immutability of excellence which, if we may so speak, caused the will of God, in its expression to his intelligent creatures, to be what it is. Another course would have been inconsistent with his character; but that will and character are in eternal harmony, so that conformity to the one is comformity to the other. And if true morality be said to consist in obeying the one, with equal truth it may be defined as conformity to the other. Here, then, in God's character, is the true origin of every principle of moral rectitude; and here, too, we have the true answer to every question regarding the fitnesses of things. They cannot themselves be the origin of moral principle—the standard by which the Divine will measured its outgoings. *It* existed from all eternity; while fitnesses could only be said to exist when other intelligences besides Deity were called into being.

This view of the foundation of morality is as honouring to God as it is rational. It acknowledges him as the sole origin of excellence in the universe; and thus affords matter of praise to all created intelligences. It gives no man a feeling of ease and security, to recognise in his Creator the one source of all that is pure in morals and holy in principle.

The great question which it presses on him is—What is the will of God to me, that I may obey it? Where may I discover the principles of morality I am required to adopt? No one who admits God's supremacy as Moral Governor of the universe, and man's position as a subject of Divine administration, will question, that the will of the Ruler must be his law, and that the great question with him ought to be—What is that will? He then asks—How may I discover the will of God to me, and the pure principles of the heavenly morality? To this the answer is—That God has made known that will, and disclosed these principles by a direct revelation—the characteristics of the nature of which, as a rule of duty to man, we shall now proceed briefly to consider.

As to its characteristics. It is the perfect transcript of the infinitely perfect mind—"an emanation from the holiness of God." "The law of the Lord is perfect." It relates not only to the outward man, but to the inward; and legislates for the heart as well as for the life. Implicit, perfect obedience, is the requirement of a *perfect* law. Such obedience sin has utterly unfitted man to render; and, indeed, but for enlightening and disposing influence he would render no true obedience at all. It would have been but a source of terror to him, that so perfect a law had been given him, were he conscious of having already broken it, and of still having no disposition to obey it; but

falling back on the Gospel method, we find provision made for the removal of this indisposition, and for bringing man's moral nature into harmony with the Divine requirements.

Farther, it is a fixed and invariable law. It never modifies its unbending requirements in conformity to outward circumstances. The laws of man, the maxims of the world, the advancement of science, the progress of time, do not affect it. It was the rule of duty to man in his primeval state—it was the same that was given forth amid the thunders of Sinai—it is the same which is exhibited in the economy of grace—it will remain the same through all coming ages—it will pass into eternity, its essential elements the same. The morality of Pagan worlds was ever changing, ever undefined, because it had no unchanging standard, no fixed foundation on which to rest. But the morality that is from above is like its Author, "without variableness or shadow of turning." Christ, when upon the earth, declared its immutability in the affirmation, "My word shall not pass away." Eighteen centuries have come and gone since then—empires have risen and fallen—governments overthrown and remodelled, but the principles of Divine morality are still the same. It is also a law of universal application to man. It is suited to every one individually. Whatever be the extent of his acquirements or contractedness of his intellect, whether he may have been

trained to the most rigid and philosophic thinking, or left to the direction of his own untutored powers—whether he be possessed of the most elevated character and disposition, or utterly debased by immorality and crime—he is not beyond its pale: on him its obligations are binding. It is universal in application to mankind collectively. It is for the various classes of men, old and young, learned and illiterate, bond and free. It meets man in all the relations he sustains to his fellows, as a subject, as a citizen, in the social, and in the family circle. All men in every region are subject to its authority, for it is founded on relations which subsist wherever there are human beings. It is not circumscribed by geographical boundaries or territorial distinctions. The vast rolling sea or intervening mountain cannot annul it; for, like the streaming light darted from the sun in the heavens, its rays descend from on high, and penetrate to earth's remotest bounds.

This law, farther, is of perpetual obligation. For the same reason, on account of which it is binding on us, it will be binding on all succeeding generations. As it existed in the heart of man in Eden, as it was promulgated from Sinai, and as it is exhibited in the economy of grace, so it will be in the future. As a law, too, it is enforced by eternal sanctions, which invest it with a dignity and an awe, illustrative of its authority and the high character of its claims.

Such, then, are some of the characteristics of that law which is the standard of morality to man. Its nature occupies another field which we may now hastily traverse.

True morality is just what the will of God makes it. What it has made it, may be seen briefly in the answer of Christ to the lawyer, who, tempting him, said, "Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Here we have a statement of the great principle on which the moral law is based—the principle of love. The various precepts are but the development of this. Yet the law itself, as expressed on the tables given to Moses, is only a summary of duty. General heads are given, from which, by following the rules of interpretation afforded us in Scripture, we are to deduce the particulars ourselves.

It will give us an idea of the nature of this law, if we take a brief survey of that part of it with which, in the question of morality, we have more properly to do. The second table of the law prescribes our duty to man. It requires the faithful discharge of all relative duty. It gives us to know that we are neither

our own proprietors, nor have any right of property in our fellow-men, and demands a sacred regard alike to our own life and theirs. It forbids all impurity in heart or conduct, and requires us to keep the higher powers of our nature in that state of complete ascendancy which is their proper place. It prohibits every infringement on the property or rights of others, and enjoins undeviating uprightness. It requires "truth in the inward parts," forbidding falsehood and calumny, and every departure from veracity in form or spirit. It forbids the covetous desire, as well as the unrighteous act, and requires the spirit of man to be in harmony with the outward condition in which God has placed him.

The moral law is worthy of its Author, and bears upon it the impress of His holy character. When we look at its purity, its spirituality, and its extent, we are constrained to acknowledge alike the incapacity of man, as a finite being, to have formed it, and his inability, as a fallen being, to obey its requirements. Such knowledge of the human heart as it discloses was far too deep for man, and such disinterestedness of motive as it enjoins far too pure for him. It is entirely adapted to the nature of man, and holds all his faculties in subjection to his Maker's aim—the promotion of holiness and love. And while its sanctions embrace the severest penalties, it allures to obedience alike by its nature and the happiness which

conformity to it yields. How important is true morality! How important to individual man, if you think of the end of his existence! Without it he is not as the steady planet moving round and receiving its light from the centre sun; but, like some wandering star, darting hither and thither, carrying danger in its course, and sinking into the blackness of darkness. The man without moral principle perverts the design of his existence, to the dishonour of his Maker and the injury of his fellows, and sinks himself deeper in degradation and wretchedness.

Is it worth? Without it man is destitute of every true and pure principle of excellence. Bad principles make a bad man; and it is only they who adopt the high principles of the Divine morality that can be classed with the excellent of the earth.

True morality gives dignity to man. How degraded and low is he without it! Grovelling amid the things of earth and time, he differs indeed from the beasts that perish; but differs from them as much by what is dreadful as by what is desirable—as much by his turpitude as by his intelligence. But, in the exercise of moral principles, he rises to his true sphere of pre-eminence, displaying a nature which none but immortal beings possess.

In the exercise of morality, too, man enjoys the purest happiness of which his nature is capable. How wretched are the effects of the operation of immoral

principle on the mind! Wretchedness is the child of vice. We might point to a Buonaparte, whose mad ambition gave him rest neither day nor night, but, like a fevered demon, possessed his soul, and urged him on to projects, the accomplishment of which involved the lives of millions of his fellow-men, and himself in deeper misery. Or to a Byron, who, in malignity and depravity, occupies such a fearful place of prominence on the page of modern history, on whom a demon's principles entailed the restlessness and wretchedness of a demon's doom.

Think, too, how necessary morality is to the happiness of the domestic circle. See the home of the moral and the good! There, natural affection is strengthened and hallowed by higher principles, yielding the sweetest enjoyment. "In dwellings of the righteous is heard the melody of joy and health." But look at those dwellings from which the Divine morality is excluded. Look at the abodes of the debauched and the drunkard, of the unrighteous and the selfish. There, in the miseries they experience, and the evils they entail, "they eat the fruit of their own ways, and are filled with their own devices."

Again, how deep are the obligations of nations to true morality—morality having a pure and perfect standard! In the history of empires, no substitute for it has ever been found, to save from degradation and ruin. In the best days of Greece and Rome,

the very emperors, statesmen, and philosophers, as well as the people, were immoral. Their philosophic systems, and even their religious rites, required them to be so. Festivals and civil enactments gave impulse and permanence to vice. Even Cicero approved it. What the philosophy of one censured, another extolled. For, having no sure foundation on which to raise their fabrics of morality, the structures were as varied as their framers. Without the Divine morality there is nothing pure, nothing stable, nothing safe. To this, not to speak of the degradation and wretchedness of heathendom, the history of France, of Rome, and many other nations of the earth, in our own times, bears ample testimony.

It is no unusual thing for sceptics themselves to do honour to the morality of the Bible. "We always recur," says an eloquent English writer, "with great delight to the testimony of a deist, who, after publicly labouring to disprove Christianity, and to bring Scripture into contempt, as a forgery, was found instructing his own child from the pages of the New Testament. When taxed with the flagrant inconsistency, his only reply was, that nowhere was there to be found such morality as in the Bible. We thank the deist for this confession. Whatever our scorn of a man who could be guilty of so foul a dishonesty, seeking to sweep from the earth a volume to which all the while he

himself has recurred for the principles of education, we thank him for his testimony. The morality of the Scriptures is a morality not elsewhere to be found; so that, if there were no Bible, there would be comparatively no source of education in duties and virtues, whose neglect and decline would dislocate the happiness of human society. The deist was right. Deny or question the Divine origin of the Scriptures, and, nevertheless, you must keep the volume as a kind of text-book of morality."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORATION.*

[A Discourse supposed to be Spoken by a Member of the American Senate against the following Motion.]

"Whereas, Louis Kossuth, ever since he landed in America, has employed himself in collecting large sums of money, in providing arms, military equipments, and in issuing Hungarian bonds, with the avowed object of stirring up war against a State with which we are in amity and alliance: And whereas, the Austrian Ambassador has formally remonstrated with our Government against this permitted breach of international good faith, it is moved that the Senate respectfully call on the President to intimate to Monsieur Kossuth, that he cannot be suffered thus to abuse the national hospitality, but must forthwith discontinue these practices, or quit the territory of the United States."

Mr. Speaker,

Before making any allusion to the arguments which have been employed in favour of the motion now before the House, I wish to state my conviction,

* Written at the close of the Logic Class, April, 1852.

that to present and to attempt to carry one so clearly opposite to the sentiments of the people as this, is very far from what is proper in a representative government. The Members of this House have been chosen to represent, and are, by the conditions of their election, bound to represent their several constituencies. These constituencies we find are almost unanimous in their expression of sympathy with Kossuth; and, therefore, I look upon this motion, not so much as opposed to that illustrious stranger, as to our own constituencies, of which we profess to be the representatives. Because the majority of the American people choose to abet him, I feel myself constrained not to favour a motion at variance with their expressed sentiments.

But, even supposing that only a *minority* sympathised with him, I would oppose this motion. I would be ashamed of the American people if only a minority did so, but of that minority I would feel proud; with that minority I would co-operate; that minority, to the best of my ability, I would represent. But the majority—nay, if popular demonstrations amount to anything, the almost entire population of these States acquiesce in the principles and projects of the ex-Governor of Hungary. And this, though it does not make my vote more decided than a minority would, enables me to give it with more cheerfulness and confidence. As a representative of the American

people, and in submission to the principles of fidelity to the trust reposed in me, I shall give my vote against this motion.

The honourable gentleman who preceded me supported the motion, because he maintained the doctrine of non-intervention. Now, because I maintain the same doctrine, I oppose it. He said that, to permit Louis Kossuth to receive monies and means of any kind, with a view to resuming war in Hungary, was to lend ourselves to an interference with the domestic affairs of another State, and thus violate the principle of non-intervention. Now, let us remember the cause which Kossuth represents. His country was an independent kingdom, but Austria has made it a subject province. When *she* strove with Austria, it was as America strove with England; not aiming to establish new rights, nor setting up new pretensions, but simply defending against encroachment old liberties, and, for security of these, seeking new guarantees.

We say it is wrong to interfere with a nation's domestic affairs — and this Austria has done; but right to interfere with those who do—and this Kossuth is doing. Non-intervention has respect to the prevention of wrong, not to the enforcement of right; and the best evidence that we or any others can furnish of our attachment to that doctrine, is to facilitate the punishment of those who have set it at nought. Even although the American govern-

ment took up the cause of Hungary, Austria could not consistently charge it with its own crime; and if it had that measure of effrontery, it could not bring home to us a breach of non-intervention, since our assumption of hostility was for the purpose of restoring, to the rightful owners, that which had been plundered by a violent and illegal interference. For the American people to assist Kossuth in his projects is to exercise that freedom which they did in the case of insurrectionary Ireland, and which they do in the case of any foreign ecclesiastic who may come to solicit subscriptions in behalf of some religious purpose. And how very inconsistent would it be when a missionary of freedom comes—when a sufferer for non-intervention comes—when a confessor of those very political truths upon which our national constitution is based, and which have their source and sanction in the inspired oracles — when the representative of a great and noble, though oppressed nation comes—how very inconsistent, I say, would it be to impede his movements, to repress his solicitations, to prevent him from accepting those donations which the citizens of a free state may freely give, and the champion of free principles may worthily receive!

And why this inconsistency in the case of Kossuth? It may give rise to a war with Austria! Well, if it may, let it. This same America, which, with

but a small part of its present population, measured arms with England, and that, too, with success, may well encounter the dangers resulting from a war with imbecile Austria! What is Austria? A *cabinet*, not a people: a dependent upon allies, not upon her own resources; and to be afraid of a war with such a power is, indeed, to indulge in those childish tremors that are common in the nursery at the mention of a ghost. I do not fear such a war. Indeed, I do not fear war, in any case, so much as I hate it. But there are occasions when, while it still continues confessedly an evil, it must be reckoned a necessary one. The war of independence was such an occasion. The sin of war is not the sin of those who defend the right, or those who avenge the wrong. The aggressor is the transgressor. On his soul lies the sin, as on his head should fall the punishment. When a nation rises in behalf of liberty, and pours the vials of its wrath upon the tyrant; when, either to defend ancient rights or remove ancient wrongs, it bathes its sword in the blood of those who would debar it, it, to my mind, appears the righteous minister of a righteous God, in the execution of eternal and immutable justice. Be to Austria the consequences of her own misdeeds! We Americans cannot congratulate her on her late achievements—cannot fraternise with her on her treatment of Hungary; for to do so would be virtually to recant

our own principles—would be to tarnish our traditional renown—would be to condemn the convictions and conflicts of our forefathers—would be to approve that centralising policy in recoil from which the population of these States sprang into independence. Shall we prefer amity with Austria to alliance with Kossuth? Shall we prefer peace with the oppressor, or sympathy and co-operation with the oppressed? Oh no! for that would be to relinquish those distinctive sentiments which made and maintained America great, glorious, and free—would be, in the face of mankind, and without any but the most contemptible cause, to resile voluntarily, pusillanimously, from that eminence amongst the nations, to which Providence has raised her, as an example to all oppressed nations, during all times, of how freedom may be won, and of what freedom is, when enjoyed.

REVIEW — WORKS OF FICTION.*

"The Wide, Wide World."

By Elizabeth Wetherell. London: 1853.

The plea, sometimes urged, that works of fiction are objectionable in themselves, or on the ground of *principle*, is one, we think, that cannot be fairly or legitimately held. Every lie is no doubt a fiction, but all fictions are not, in the same sense, lies. As well may we aver that all the attempts to *imitate* nature, such as are put forth in sculpture, painting, poetry, &c., are fictitious, and ought to be abandoned, inasmuch as these have all a common origin, being alike the product of imagination or the ideal faculty. The binding principle of the whole is not the unreal. We should rather say it is the *very opposite.* Fictitious writing may be regarded as simply *one* of the *imitative arts*—an endeavour to copy humanity in its varied and varying aspects of character and condition. To take high ground here, and to place all works of this description under the ban as wrong

* Written for the Montrose Street Young Men's Society Magazine, March, 1853.

in principle, would not only be to unshelf much of our first-class English literature, but to cast reflection on the wisdom of Inspiration itself, inasmuch as we have examples not a few of Divine teaching in the form of fictitious or ideal narrative.

If any, however, abandoning the plea of unlawfulness to write or read a book of this class, say that they are conscientious abstainers, *because of prevalent abuse* and the dangers connected with the license, then we are not careful to shake or alter their resolve. Let them be Teetotallers in this if they choose, *only*, let them state clearly the reasons of their hesitancy, and not occupy untenable ground. So far from not having some sympathy with the conscientious abstainer in his doubts, there is a dual caveat, we conceive, that ought *always* to accompany the license.

The first is, if you read fiction at all, read *sparingly*. This description of reading belongs to that class that may be called stimulants, and therefore not to be too frequently or freely used. Indulgence here is about as deleterious to the vigorous, healthful growth of the mind, as alcoholic indulgences are in reference to the body. Such things were never intended for *daily bread*. Imagination is a very noble faculty, and merits careful culture, as do all the other mental powers; but we may not forget that its legitimate place amongst the mental capabilities is specially the ornamental; so that to seek to mature and enrich it

at the expense of the other powers, is to look at the *mere colouring*, and not at the *durability* and *texture* of your cloth. The true theory of a complete education or soul-growth is undoubtedly this—the *simultaneous* and *orderly* development of *all* the faculties, —mental, moral, and religious—by the seasonable provision of aliment prepared for and adapted to each. A craving, therefore, after imaginative excitement, or a passion for living ever in the region of the ideal, must tend to damage and retard both mental and spiritual progress, unfitting and indisposing, as such a state of feeling does, for more vigorous, bracing, and healthful endeavours.

The second caveat that should accompany the license to peruse works of this class is, be *select* in, as well as sparing of, what you read. This counsel applies to all reading, but it *especially* merits attention here. Who needs to be told that in this department of literature, in the shape of circulating libraries, &c., there exists a perfect continent of trash, and something worse, as Carlyle more tersely expresses it, "infinite dung"—an Augean stable, putrescent with long heaped up abominations, that would task a Hercules not a day, but an age, to dislodge, and take nearly the waters of a second deluge to float and wash out. It is therefore neither wise nor safe to make an indiscriminate sally into a region of fiction such as this—to become a pearl diver in such an ocean of mud. True

it is, there is no natural antagonism betwixt morality and imagination. Each, like a parallel straight line, keeps its distance, having an aim and object of its own; but it is not so in *fact*. The heart being unscrupulous and corrupt, imagination obeys the summons of the will, commits a trespass on the precincts sacred to virtue, becomes ancillary to vice, and throws around its grossest deformities her witcheries of beauty and varied enchantments. Random reading here is, therefore, profitless and perilous, and, for both these reasons, we would say, *be select in your reading*. Judicious counsel, especially on the part of the young, ought both to be sought and taken; for while the culture of the imagination is an object of interest and desire, there is something more important still—the culture and improvement of the heart. The pleasures of imaginative culture are evanescent, but for a season —those of heart-culture are a spring of life, are eternal.

Nor does this remark, in being select in the choice of books of this order, apply only to books of a doubtful or immoral tendency, but to everything insipid, extravagant, or unprofitable, *even were it avowedly religious*. Those who seek to be ranked as religious novelists no doubt mean well, but there is something else required here than mere good intention, and mere human genius to boot.

We hear much at the present day about the need

of religious education being combined with the secular; but some require to be informed that something besides the teaching of a creed is necessary—that religion has a *spirit* as well as a letter, so that it *cannot* be rightly taught without a *truly religious agent.* The same remark applies to all *writers* on the subject of religion. If authors do not know what is meant by religion, nor have experienced the living thing in themselves, how can they do otherwise than fail in the portraiture they give of it? For our part, we would much rather have the lively merely moral pictures of a Dickens, who lets religion alone, than we would have the sickly sentimental vapouring of many who aim higher, but whose inspiration, it is but too evident, is drawn from their own spirit. Fine pictures of the religion of nature may be given, as in the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," by Wilson; but the soul recast in a heavenly mould, and coming forth in new spiritual lineaments, they can neither comprehend nor *conceive*, whatever the reach of their genius.

We cordially concur in the remark of Dr. Arnold, that it is not so much the lack of religious topics that we desiderate in our everyday literature, as common topics treated in a religious way. It is remarked of Edmund Burke, that the imaginative faculty in him was so strong that he could not touch figures, even in the way of casting up an account, without some of its radiance being emitted. So is it in religion. It is

a *spirit* that runs through all the commonest acts and offices of life, and it imparts dignity to the most menial services. In vain, therefore, do we seek a change in our literature until the "high priests of letters" (as they proudly call themselves) submit to a higher inspiration than their own, and become, in the true sense, a "spiritual priesthood;" and, like the pious Cowper, discern that

> "A glory gilds the sacred page,
> Majestic as the sun,"

And that its "precepts and promises afford a sanctifying light." Religion is a *new light* as well as a new feeling, and for this no type of genius can be a substitute. Hence it follows, that a change in our literature, in this respect, must become personal or individual, before it becomes national. It is the law of nature that "water *cannot* rise higher than its source;" and, as Thomas Binney has admirably shown in a recent treatise, the laws of the spiritual kingdom are as uniform as the laws of the natural, so that were a man of mere genius to produce a *truly religious work*, it could be viewed in no other light than that of a miracle. A counterfeit he might produce, a reality he could not.

These observations have been more extended than we had intended, yet we consider that they are not inappropriate to the object we have in view, viz., to

introduce to the notice of the reader the new work, by an American lady, entitled, "The Wide, Wide World."

The work before us, as the reader will have anticipated, belongs to what is usually called the novel class, and is one of the very few that deserves the name religious. We have risen from the perusal with unmingled satisfaction and delight. We think it every way worthy of being placed on the same shelf with "Uncle Tom," and we have no doubt of its becoming a favourite, particularly in religious households. Such works as these mark something like a new era in our religious literature, and this too originating on the other side of the Atlantic. "The Wide, Wide World" we think very much a faultless book of its kind. Whatever Miss Wetherell has attempted, she has really done, and done admirably. It is particularly adapted to the young, for whose benefit it seems to have been principally intended; and there is this convenience that we do not find in "Uncle Tom," that you can with freedom put it into the hands of the veriest child, as the language of profanity finds no place in it, while a high religious aim and object run unobtrusively through the entire performance like a thread of gold.

The high moral or rather Christian drift of the book is the marvellous working of a gracious Providence towards an only child, that has enjoyed but for a brief

season the teaching and the prayerful solicitude of a devoted, pious mother, from whom she comes to be finally and painfully separated, and left a stranger in the "Wide, Wide World." The seed early sown, amid tears and watchings, in the young heart, dies not, but is in due time quickened into spiritual life—a life which, though frequently and sorely tested, alike amid sunshine and shade, keeps root and grows, "all things," according to the promise, "working together for good." The power of Christian love overcomes everything, and one of the most difficult lessons in Christian ethics, early instilled, "Overcome evil with good," is beautifully learned and brightly exemplified.

The little heroine of the piece is Helen Montgomery, an exquisite darling, whose fortunes through the wide world you follow with unflagging interest. Mrs. Montgomery, her excellent mother, falling into delicate health, it is decided that, in company with her husband, she seek its restoration in a more genial clime, while the only daughter (the *angustæ res* necessitating it) must remain behind under strange guardianship, that of her paternal aunt, a real, thorough worldly-wise woman, whose name is Miss Fortune—a sad, sad change from a mother's love to such a child! It is not easy by any extract to convey an idea of the artist's skill in the varied incidents introduced, as well as in the grouping of the different characters. The following are average specimens of the easy, simple

elegance of the general style. As an example of the authoress's powers in describing natural scenery, when this comes in her way, read as follows:—

"They had bright lights on the lawn. The stars began to peep out through the soft blue, and as the blue grew deeper, they came out more and brighter, till all heaven was hung with lamps. But that was not all. In the eastern horizon, just above the low hills that bordered the far side of the plain, a white light spreading, and growing, and brightening, promised the moon, and promised that she would rise very splendid; and even before she came, began to throw a faint lustre over the landscape. All eyes were fastened and exclamations burst, as the first silver edge showed itself, and the moon, rapidly rising, looked on them with her whole broad bright face, lighting up not only their faces and figures, but the wide country view that was spread out below, and touching most beautifully the trees in the edge of the gap, and faintly the lawn; while the wall of wood stood in deeper and blacker shadow than ever."

Among the various characters introduced, worldlings and Christians, that of Miss Fortune, we take it, is drawn to the life:—

"'If you're so tired of being idle,'—said this obliging personage to her niece, on one occasion, after some lamentation, on Ellen's part, over the non-fulfilment of purposes of self-improvement and study, by which she had meant to surprise and delight her mamma on her return—'If you're so tired of being idle, I'll warrant I'll give you something to do, and something to learn, too, that you want enough—more than all

those crinkum crankums. I wonder what good they'd ever do you! That's the way your mother was brought up, I suppose! If she had been trained to use her hands, and do something useful, instead of thinking herself above it, maybe she wouldn't have had to go to sea for her health just now; it doesn't do for women to be book-worms.' "

Again :—

"Miss Fortune very, very seldom was known to take a bit from her own comforts to add to those of another. The ruling passion of this lady was thrift; her next, good housewifery. First, to gather to herself, and heap up of what the world most esteems; after that, to be known as the most thorough housekeeper, and the smartest woman in Thirlwall."

Our limits will only admit of another quotation, which will serve to evince the fine religious vein that pervades the work, yet it must not be inferred that there is *too much* of the grave, inasmuch as the grave and gay are beautifully blended :—

"Very well, when a child of God lives as he ought to do, people cannot help having high and noble thoughts of that glorious One whom he serves, and of that perfect law he obeys. Little as they may love the ways of religion in their own secret hearts, they *cannot help* confessing that there is a God, and that they ought to serve him. But a worldling, and still more an unfaithful Christian, just helps people to forget there is such a Being, and makes them think either that religion is a sham, or that they may safely go on despising it. I have heard it said, Ellen, that Christians are the only Bible some

people ever read; and it is true. All they know of religion is what they get from the lives of its professors; and, oh! were the world full of the right kind of example, the kingdom of darkness could not stand. 'Arise, shine!' is a word that every Christian ought to take home."

We may mention further here, that there are many lively quotations prefixed to each chapter from various English poets; while, in the contents, there is a key-note to each, briefly and tersely framed from the leading incidents introduced, as well as many choice hymns interspersed throughout the work itself, which enliven and heighten the interest.

Our authoress has taken good care not to represent Ellen as a faultless child. We think this an objection fairly applicable to "Uncle Tom's" Eva, who is much too good, too angelic, for this world, without any of the old Adam in her that we can discover. .Ellen, on the contrary, although possessing an exceedingly tender conscience, that sadly punishes her when she does wrong, *has a temper of her own*, naturally proud and impatient under crosses and neglect; but, by watchfulness and prayer, this enemy of her peace and progress is gradually subdued and kept under, through the mellowing that Divine grace only can effect.

One of the great charms of the book, we would say, is its perfect naturalness, and the absence of extravagance, so much so, that you soon lose sight of the fact that you are perusing what is fictitious; while a

healthful moral and religious feeling is maintained throughout. Many, we conceive, will read the work for the sake of the artist; others will be drawn to it as a work of high entertainment; while a third party will hail it as a beautiful expounder of the heavenly and Divine. We have seen no better answer to the question, "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" than is here given. And not only so, but it shows, at the same time, that a proper attention to the interests of the next world, and getting a *true hold* of its provisions, is often the *secret* of success in this. Ellen lost nothing by her religion. On the contrary, it was the power that wrought out for her the highest and rarest accomplishments, with nothing awanting; and all this in circumstances the opposite of promising.

Some might perhaps object to this performance, that the child-prattle, however engaging, is occasionally a little too minute; but to the juniors, for whose benefit it is mainly intended, this may probably constitute one of its chief attractions. Some might further object that the *labial* service bestowed on our little heroine is a little too much; but as these ocular demonstrations are matters of taste, and probably American, we must not scan too narrowly such love-offerings, especially when served up with elegance by a highly-gifted and accomplished female, and in the view of so much excellence.

In fine, we would advise the reader, after laying down Thomas Binney's masterly treatise on "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" in which that new phasis of infidelity, called "Secularism," is torn out, with easy strength, by the roots *clean*, to take up "The Wide, Wide World." It will be a relaxation to the calm and patient thought required for the perusal of the other work, while it will serve to illustrate and verify its important and great conclusion, that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Parents solicitous to have their offspring *truly* and *thoroughly* educated for this world and the next, could not, we conceive, confer a greater kindness upon their sons and daughters, than to place these volumes within their reach—the one the philosophy, the other the illustration, of "*How* it is possible to make the best of both worlds."

March 26th, 1853.

MISSIONARY ADDRESS.*

Mr. Chairman, &c.

As a member of the Juvenile Missionary Society, I have been requested to make a few remarks on the subject of Christian missions, selecting any aspect or aspects of the subject I may think proper. In a field so extensive and familiar as this opens up, our difficulty is where to begin, how to proceed, and where to end; and yet this very inconvenience that we feel is matter of congratulation. The time has not long gone by when missions had all the interest of novelty thrown around them. We trust that this period has passed never to return. Had the church rightly understood and always done her duty, the word novelty would never have been heard of on such a subject. It is, therefore, well, and one of the most auspicious signs of progress, that this question is "familiar" to most of us "as household words." What is now required is not so much doctrine and discussion,

* Prepared for Montrose Street U. P. Congregational Missionary Society, 1854.

bearing on general principles, as united action, and persevering onward movement. Both from the pulpit and the press, the truth on this subject has been told us with fulness and power, so that any one who has not passed the alphabet cannot be said to be a very apt scholar in learning the lesson of "Good will to men," nor can he lay claim to the merit of a creditable ignorance.

There are *three* aspects of Christian missions exceedingly important, and in which they might be considered with advantage.

The first we may call *geographical*, the second *providential*, and the third *prophetical*. To attempt to discuss the subject fully in each of these aspects would occupy too much of your time. We must, therefore, aim at little else than short notes, or albeit a running commentary.

Geographical discovery has, in a remarkable degree, subserved the cause of missions. It has not only pointed out to us the various habitations of men, but has furnished accurate information regarding their numbers, condition, and character. Here we learn that the outward features of the surface of our globe are not more diversified than are the varied types of humanity. There is one respect, however, in which they all agree, viz., their moral pravity, and their utter alienation

from the worship and service of God. Consciences they may have, that make them tremble before the imaginary god of storms; but these consciences are sunk and overborne by their selfish and unrestrained passions. The religious sense or capacity they have in common, but it is under the sway of a brutish imagination; and hence they bow down to stocks and to stones—deify the elements of nature, or worship the works of their own hands. Thus it is, that in seeking and finding out an accurate map of the outward surface, we have had presented to us another map, revealing the moral and religious features of the whole, and these features dark and repulsive exceedingly. To speak of this state of things as a moral waste, a region of desolation, a wilderness of barrenness, is using figure far short of the reality; for here the brier and the thorn, and every noxious and pestiferous growth luxuriate, diffusing their malign influence over everything fair and lovely. Such is the *certain* ascertained field of missionary enterprise and exertion, and the grand object is, to bear and apply an antidote to all this—we should rather say, *the* antidote to all this—the *only* antidote that has ever been found, or ever will be found, for the woes and the wants of prostrate humanity.

It is true that some progress has here been made, and that we ought to discriminate. This we allow; and here, too, we have been furnished with a *missionary*

map, showing what portions of the moral waste have come under the gospel plough-share. The mind, however, is not relieved, but appalled by the survey—appalled by the extent of the territory of desolation still under the dominion of the Prince of Darkness, and by the narrow limits of the reclaimed domain. This map we ought frequently and carefully to examine, that we may know the reality and the magnitude of the work to be done. To shut our eyes or ears to these facts, is to shut our hearts to one of the most powerful incentives to earnest exertion and endeavour. So much, then, for the geographical aspect of our subject.

In saying that it may be viewed *providentially*, we mean viewed in the light of present providences, as far as these may be gathered from the signs of the times, or passing events.

The signs of the times are ever fraught with interest as bearing on missionary enterprise and success. And what are any of those signs? It is not our object here to enter into detail; but we may be allowed to point to two remarkable recent providences, that seem charged with important consequences as regards the prosperity and extension of the Messiah's kingdom. These signs are of a very opposite character—the *one* portentously dark; the *other* joyously promising and auspicious. We refer,

first, to that dark cloud that has, for some time past, been gathering over the face of Europe, and which is ready, at length, to burst forth in all the dire consequences of *war*. Such a providence as this can only be regarded as a fearful calamity, whether viewed in the light of time or eternity. While spreading desolation abroad, it tends to arrest the progress of the arts, and to retard peaceful industry and commerce at home. But more than this, it is inimical both directly and indirectly to the missionary enterprise, as it is the enemy of all goodness and all piety. In the din of war, and the excitement of the camp, almost every good and great interest is lost sight of. If the missionary be not compelled (as sometimes happens) to flee from the face of the enemy, he is distracted in his labours by the all-absorbing conflict, while the church everywhere is exposed to the same temptations and dangers; so that it were easy to show that, to the eye of reason and sense, this calamity of *war* that has overtaken us must be regarded as a *dark* sign in the prospect of the extension of the kingdom of Him who is "the Prince of Peace."

But the signs are not all of this description. There is another sign, also toward the East, radiant with promise, and betokening good things to come. The great partition-wall that has for centuries kept China apart from the nations, and within her own enclosure, seems now likely to be broken down, and to be laid

open to spiritual aggression and conquest. This field is vast, embracing about a third portion of our world's entire population. If a door of entrance be opened here, how great should be our rejoicing, and how earnest our endeavours to embrace the opportunity of admission.

That opportunity is now presented, and has been pressed upon our attention. The question is, What have I done, or have I done anything, to aid that liberal device of sending the Word of Life to those ignorant perishing millions of human beings?

Great indeed will be the victory when the standard of the cross is erected in that vast territory. Would that the hope here that now beats high in the bosom of the church may be fully and speedily realised!

This leads us to notice the most pleasing and delightful of all the aspects of our subject, we mean the *prophetical.*

Turning from the present to the future, the mind seeks repose in the "sure word of prophecy." Whatever clouds and darkness may intervene, we know that the bright sunshine *shall* succeed, and that this cause *shall* ultimately triumph. The manner in which the issue is described by the prophet is beautifully figurative, but no one may say that the description exceeds the reality, or is in any sense exaggerated.

Such a supposition would be to question the perfect truthfulness of the holy oracles. Guided, then, by the star of prophecy, the eye rests on a state of things the most attractive and joyful. Now, the scene is a vast wilderness of barrenness, "a drear interminable waste," an immense desert of sand, where all vegetation sickens and dies. Behold the transformation and change that have been wrought on this scene of unbroken sterility! Rivers of water have broken out, and now flow in this dry place. The clouds have collected, and on every side have sent down their watery stores. The face of nature shows signs of renewal under the fertilising shower. Vegetation has thrown its green covering over the entire region of barrenness. Nay, it has become a paradise of varied floral loveliness. The wilderness now blooms and blossoms like the rose. Or, take another of the figures of the sacred oracles depicting this scene. The woods and wilds are infested with beasts of prey, which, coming forth from their dens, inspire with no groundless fears the flocks and herds that are grazing in the meadow, which flee from the lion and the bear as their natural enemies thirsting for their blood. Is it possible to change these instincts, dissipate these fears, and restore mutual confidence? The thing is possible. Nay, it is even so. This scene of terror and blood is changed into one of living confidence—the

lion and the lamb—the leopard and the kid—the cow and the bear—are all feeding and herding in peaceful harmony.

Such are some of the beautiful figurative representations of the ultimate success that shall in due time crown the missionary enterprise; and that certainly will be a wondrous moral renovation, a marvellous spiritual transformation, that will present the living picture of all this. But thus it shall be. "Israel" is destined "to blossom, and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit." The myrtle and the fir shall come up in room of the brier and lacerating thorn—fruitfulness shall come up in the room of spiritual barrenness—beauty, in the place of spiritual deformity—peace, in the room of war and opposition—love and concord, in the place of enmity, jealousy, and distrust. Nor will this peaceful reign continue for a *brief* space. We have reason to believe that it will last a thousand blissful years. "Men shall then be blessed in Him; all nations then shall call Him blessed." This is to be the issue; and how relieving and cheering such a consummation, in the present view of so much that fills the mind with perplexity and fear!

We are told, too, that we are to have a millennium of the sciences, and this ere long—that we are fast approaching the *ne plus ultra* of terrestrial knowledge —that the sciences, like a regiment of soldiers, are

coming up rank and file, after a necessary and ordained order of progress, and all to be crowned with a reign of justice, by having politics mapped as one of the sciences. However this may be as regards a millennium of the sciences—that is, to have all sublunary truth clearly and indisputably mapped out to the eye of reason—we confess we have no confidence in any reign of justice that is separated from the spiritual; for men must not only *see* the right, but must have the heart to *do* it, and this disposition can only be effected by the spiritual reign secured by superhuman agency.

But how, it may be asked, is this prediction or promise to be realised? What are the means or instrumentality by which this end is to be reached? Are we to expect a repetition of the miracles of primitive times, when Christianity made such progress in spite of all opposition, and by weak instruments? We have no reason to look for this. The right view of the subject, we think, is, that no such interventions will take place. Something new there will be, but that something will be new-born zeal, and self-denial, and energy, and prayer, on the part of the church, such as will call down influences from on high in more than Pentecostal effusion. Then the evidences for the truth of Christianity, instead of being dimned or weakened through lapse of years, will be seen to have gradually acquired overwhelming force; and the most

convincing of all these evidences will be seen in the fruits of the Spirit, in the love and united bearing of the church, which will then look out from amid the darkness that has so long marked her course—in beauty, "fair as the moon," in evidence, "clear as the sun," and in aggressive majesty, "terrible as an army with banners."

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